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THE FORTNIGHTLY

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DECEMBER, 1951

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1951

ATLANTIC UNITY : TIME FOR DECISION

BY KENNETH LINDSAY

M R. WINSTON CHURCHILL speaking at Harvard towards the end of the war warned his audience that "it would be a most foolish and improvident act on the part of our two governments to break up the Combined Chiefs of Staffs Committee, not only until we have set up some world arrangement to keep the peace, but until we know that it is an arrangement which will give us that protection we must have from danger and aggression, a protection we have already had to seek across two vast world wars." Lord Halifax said in New York a month ago : "We must think in terms of a continuing partnership—or perhaps of something more than a partnership, a relationship that cannot be dissolved—between our countries . . . Just as it is the duty of military staffs working together in time of war to foresee and prepare ahead for any possible enemy move, so in this state of twilight war I would like to feel that our Foreign Office and your State Department were planning against any possible development." Eight years have intervened between these two speeches, but the wisdom implicit in the two quotations has been fully borne out by events.

* * * *

The United Nations has provided a forum for public display of rival ideologies, but the lack of agreement among the Permanent Members of the Security Council has undermined the foundation upon which the peace machinery of the United Nations was built. Partly in consequence of this deadlock a series of regional treaties and less formal arrangements has been created. Western Union has developed inevitably into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, commonly called N.A.T.O. The Marshall Plan and its agency the Economic Co-operation Administration (E.C.A.) gives way at the end of this year to a new body called the Mutual Security Administration, of which Mr. Averil Harriman has been sworn in as Director. During the last month an historic meeting took place at Strasbourg between fourteen American and fourteen European parliamentarians. The Organization for European Economic Co-operation, known as O.E.E.C., with its off-shoot the European Payments Union is getting

into difficulties and the Belgian Finance Minister has suggested that an Atlantic Payments Union is necessary if a real liberalization of international trade is to be secured.

These developments are more than straws in the wind ; they are part of a slow and painful realization that European unity is not enough. This is not to condemn the many efforts made by individuals, movements and governments to restore the economic, social and cultural life of Europe. Marshall Aid has wrought an immense change on the material fare of Europe. The Hague Conference created the Council of Europe which itself has done much to bring about better understanding among the parliaments and people of Europe. The efforts of Mr. Schuman to break down economic barriers and of Mr. Pleven to build a European army are beginning to bear fruit. The creation of the European college at Bruges and other European institutes are to the credit of the European movement. Other bodies, notably the trade unions have established new organizations to foster friendly feelings among their members in the free European sector.

But the broad fact which emerges from the many organizations and committees is clear, namely that the smallest nucleus round which unity may crystallize cannot be anything less than an Atlantic community, uniting North America and Western Europe, linking them through the Pan-American Union with South America and through the Commonwealth with Africa, Asia and Australia. Compelling mutual interests have set in train during the last three years the most momentous development of this century, the growth of an organic Atlantic community with a clear and undisputed centre of strength in the United States. The visible expression of this community is the North Atlantic Treaty Organization which is in process of change to meet quite novel situations. Never before in peacetime has military planning for unified action to prevent war proceeded so far. History is strewn with the wreckage of alliances made for purely military purposes, but N.A.T.O. has within it the seeds of wider political and economic partnership.

The theme of the century is world unity ; the ultimate ideal of world at peace under the reign of law is not at issue. But the manner in which the peoples of the world can and should organize themselves is very much at issue. In the Atlantic world the facts of international life conform with the spirit of the Atlantic Charter. Though the ideas it contains are not completely realized, they reflect the intentions of the people and to a large extent their performance. We believe that the State exists for man and not man for the State ; that the State is under the law, not above, and that the individual has sovereign and inalienable rights. The cultural tradition of Western Christendom has extended into the whole basin of the Atlantic ocean. The

Atlantic is now the Mediterranean sea of this tradition and this faith. But when one surveys the majesty of this heritage and the power of inspiration it holds for over 400 million people, one is struck by the weakness and disunity in political and economic affairs and the absence of common organs of government.

There is some excuse for the present misunderstanding which exists between Britain and Europe on the one hand, and the United States on the other ; this is due largely to re-armament. But in the longer and larger view, still more *sub specie aeternitatis*, there is every reason why we should draw closer together. What are the facts ? There has been a growing dis-equilibrium between the United States and Europe for the last 50 years which the war only accentuated and brought to a head. It was not an accident that millions of dollars of gold found the way to Fort Knox ; it was not an accident that Italy and Germany produced economic nationalist régimes, dressed up in fancy names, that Britain embarked on bilateral economic treaties and concluded the Ottawa agreement, that the Hawley-Smoot tariff in the United States rose to record heights. It was not an accident that the intellectuals of the 'thirties flirted with Communism in Europe and the United States. These trends economic, political and moral were all part of a struggle which culminated in the 1939-1945 war. In a word, the war was not an accident. Can we learn nothing from it ?

* * * * *

The 'thirties are dead. There is in economics, politics and morals a new hope, born out of the revolution in American foreign policy and the travail and sickness of Europe's sufferings. Intellectuals like Gide and Koestler, Silone and Spender and hundreds of others have, as an eloquent book testifies, deserted the " God that failed ". But if a greater measure of Atlantic unity is to be achieved, there are three major considerations which must be satisfied. First, the idea of unity must appeal to the vital interests of all categories of men and offer a means of co-operating in one great constructive task. Secondly, it must not be the private preserve of any one party or nation, but must guarantee the preservation of authentic diversities. Thirdly, it must be founded upon the tradition that made Europe and the United States great and must permit a genuine renaissance of creative activity and prosperity. It is my belief that these three conditions can be satisfied.

It is a curious but hitherto unmentioned fact that in Britain the most adventurous minds now contributing to modern thought are mainly those educated in the Victorian era, most of whom are over 75 years of age, if not over 80 : Bertrand Russell, Lord Samuel, Gilbert Murray, Sir Norman Angel, Sir Ernest Barker, R. H. Tawney, Lionel Curtis, Winston Churchill—to name a few. They all have one

thing in common ; they appeal to an audience and advance ideas far wider than a national forum. The ideas are there, but action lags. This is in part due to Britain's embarrassing economic position, partly to lack of leadership and even more to the lack of informed popular discussion. The survival of the free world requires the energy and devotion not only of professional diplomats and military men, but of whole nations. The European governments have not won the consent of their peoples to the sacrifices which re-armament imposes, still less to the wider implications of Atlantic unity. Britain has lost respect both in Europe and the United States through its failure to state clearly its approach to European or Atlantic unity. We are evidently approaching a time for decision.

Professor Schwarzenberger, an acknowledged expert on international law, has recently stated that "the present twilight position stultifies foreign policy and reduces international law and the United Nations to an ideology and a mockery." In part reply to him, Dr Gilbert Murray wrote "the remedy seems to be a closer and more continuous co-operation between the North Atlantic Treaty nations." Such co-operation is of course the whole object of N.A.T.O. and S.H.A.P.E. (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe). In word, we seem to have come full circle back to Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Harvard, but with one important difference—the inclusion of western Europe and perhaps before long, of Germany itself. A new British Government have taken over at the precise moment when important developments are due both in N.A.T.O. and S.H.A.P.E., half-way between the conferences at Ottawa and Rome.

* * * * *

What now are the chances of reconciling European and Atlantic unity, thus establishing partnership on an inter-continental basis and what are the chances of rallying public opinion behind a policy that will make the Atlantic community a living force ? To be more precise how far are we prepared to support a common defence policy, a common foreign policy and consequently a much closer partnership in economic affairs ? Are we prepared to support regular meetings of a council of ministers, served by a common secretariat and guided by a common assembly ? There are one or two stock objections which can be answered without great difficulty. It is said that we dare not sacrifice our welfare State to continental standards ; the short answer to this line of argument is that many other members of the N.A.T.O. powers have equally advanced social legislation and others are anxious to improve their existing standards. It is said by others that Britain has unique relations with the Commonwealth and Empire and is a loyal member of the United Nations, why introduce another complication ? The first and obvious reply is that Britain has solemnly signed the North Atlantic Treaty which accords with

Article 51 of the United Nations ; secondly, one important Dominion—Canada—is a pioneer member of the Treaty and there is no evidence that other Dominions resent our association ; thirdly, it is time that the dollar and sterling sat down together and worked out their mutual responsibilities, and fourthly, it is time that the N.A.T.O. powers worked together in Asia and the Middle East, as they are beginning to do in Africa. The rising nationalism in these areas is to be welcomed and only the combined resources of the N.A.T.O. powers, working within the United Nations, can begin to find and train the engineers, the technologists, the doctors, the teachers, who are essential for the provision of a rising standard of living as well as a rising nationalism. There is abundant evidence that the free nations wish to share their knowledge and resources with the less developed areas, but there is a complete failure to dramatize the whole effort, because of the over-lapping of agencies and lack of responsible direction. Sooner or later this aspect of world strategy must be linked with the military efforts in Korea, Indo-China and Malaya, if only because of the drain on resources of the N.A.T.O. powers. It is idle to talk of sharing the burdens, if attention is only focussed on the shop-window of Europe while the back-door or larder of the social democracies is being forced open and raided elsewhere.

Nobody with even a casual knowledge of China, Africa or the Middle East would wish to stratify the national expression of the various communities which we call nations. Certainly nobody would assert that all wisdom resides in the Atlantic community. But equally nobody who has inherited the traditions of that community—and above all who is aware of what is at stake—will not ask himself a more fundamental question than those I have enumerated. How is the Atlantic community going to respond to the ‘ cold war ’, if that is an adequate description of a situation where British, French and American lives are weekly being sacrificed ? It must be apparent to every business man, to every student, to every mother of sons that we are at a great watershed of history. Such a period can only be compared perhaps with the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. Lord Halifax in the speech already quoted called it “ a duel of creeds, a volcano slumbering uneasily for years and now and then breaking into violent eruption.” Even the neutral scientist would agree that the moulds of ancient thought have been broken and that the vacuum waits to be filled.

To the statesman it must be apparent that events have overtaken political organization. He must wish to effect a consolidation of power sufficient to keep the peace and thus unity in foreign policy and defence. Hitherto I have tried to give him a dozen different arguments for taking the initiative. He must know that neither a more or less welfare State, nor more undiluted private enterprise—much less

hysteria or complacence—provides an adequate answer. But it may be stated with assurance that, unless a feeling of security returns among the free peoples, there will be less and less inclination to invest capital, less inclination for the creative spirit to work, less trust and confidence throughout the Atlantic community. The main case against Mr. Bevan is that he endangered that trust and confidence. He was right to put forward his point of view and was right to resign. It will require statesmanship of the highest order to harness for a common policy not only the impulse of self-interest and self-defence but the standards and values born out of our democratic institutions. In the long run a wider electorate must vote for distinctive institutions concerned with peace and war, with foreign policy and defence, but in the short run action must take place which reflects indirectly the will of the peoples. If governments are to act, they must receive their mandate from the peoples.

There is now the nucleus of a movement in the United States, in Canada, in Britain, France, Norway and Denmark and also demonstrated at Strasbourg last month, which asks the governments of the N.A.T.O. countries to concert their policies and to put military authority at the service of political direction. But political directions in the twentieth century must have their roots in moral forces and convictions held by the millions who constitute the people. It is, therefore, for political leadership to give the people a sense of participation, for the first time since the war, in a common foreign policy. But it is equally important for an Atlantic movement, broadly based and free from party or purely national bias, to spread among the four hundred million inhabitants who constitute the Atlantic community. This has been called a new mysticism ; surely the Atlantic statesmen are unwise to pitch their ambition so high, say the cynics. Yet this was the language used by Mr. Lester Pearson, Mr. Acheson and Mr. Morrison at Ottawa and by Sir Hartley Shawcross at Copenhagen ; it has been used by Dr. Stikker of Holland, and by Mr. Lange of Norway ; it has been used by General Eisenhower and one hopes that by the time this appears in print it will have been used by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden. It was implicit in the two speeches, quotations from which started this article. There is a cloud of witnesses and, once leadership is conjoined with the aspirations of the masses, resolution will replace the purely tactical considerations of politicians seeking party advantage and power.

It may be necessary to hold an Atlantic congress on the lines of the Hague congress which met in the spring of 1948. We cannot afford the time to sit in our conventicles and proclaim our dogmas. The two main objects of such a congress should be, first, to give a reassurance to the North American people that the Europeans mean business and also a re-assurance to the Europeans sitting in a sort of

no-man's-land that the North Americans mean business. This is the more intangible but utterly necessary objective. The second object is to demand a unified foreign and defence policy and modern political institutions to make the policy effective. If the youth of Europe and North America is to be animated and challenged, the mag of leadership must offer positive policies, supra-national authorities and spiritual rededication.

It may apply some of the closing words used by the Hammonds in their life of Lord Shaftesbury :

The devil, with sad and sober sense on his grey face, tells the rulers of this world that the misery which disfigures the life of great societies is beyond the reach of human remedy. . . . To the law of indifference and drift, taught by philosophers and accepted by politicians, he opposed the simple revelation of his Christian conscience. When silence falls on such a voice some everlasting echo still haunts the world to break its sleep of habit or despair.

To-day it is the task of statesmen to heed the voices of millions whom they serve.

(From 1945 to 1950 Mr. Kenneth Lindsay was Independent Member of Parliament for the Combined English Universities. He is the Chairman of the British Committee of the European College at Bruges.)

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE COLOURED VOTER

BY SIR CHARLES DUNDAS

AMONG the multi-racial elements of the Union of South Africa is that of the half castes, "Coloureds" as they are commonly called, numbering a million souls, and originating in the Cape where also they are to the largest extent domiciled. Between the two branches of the European inhabitants they stand rather nearer to the Afrikaners of Dutch descent than to the British ; the majority bear Dutch names and speak the Afrikaans language; most of them are adherents of the Dutch Reformed Church. General Hertzog, formerly leader of the Nationalist party, said of them : "We have to remember that we have to do with a section of the community allied to the white population and one that is fundamentally different from the Native. He owes his origin to us and knows no other civilization than that of the European . . . and speaks even the language of the European as his mother tongue. That is why during the last seven years the Nationalists in Parliament have held the view that the Coloured people must be treated on an equality with Europeans economically, industrially and politically."

General Hertzog said more in this vein and was in those days supported therein by Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of the present Nationalist Government, who in 1928 declared : "Our policy is that a dividing line must be drawn between natives and coloured people and that the rights of the white man shall be given to the coloured people." Nevertheless in the last parliamentary session Dr. Malan passed—better said, steam-rollered—the Separate Voters Act, which provides for the removal of the Coloureds from the common voter roll and gives them separate representation very similar to that instituted in 1936 for natives of the Cape in lieu of the communal franchise they had enjoyed for the past hundred years.

This measure was foreshadowed long ago when Dr. Malan and his followers broke with General Hertzog, who described their policy in this regard as one of "falsity, infidelity, disloyalty and insincerity." In defence Dr. Malan could plead that it was done in conformity with the policy of *Apartheid* for which he held the mandate of the elector to whom his intention had long been known, also that conditions had fundamentally changed since 1928 justifying his complete *vacance* in the interval. But the gravamen of the charge now levelled

ainst the Nationalist Government is less what was done than the manner of its doing.

When in 1909 a convention representative of the then existing four South African Colonies, deliberated the terms on which they might be formed into a Union one of the most contentious points was the franchise right to be accorded to non-Europeans and breakdown of the negotiations was narrowly averted by compromise whereby it was agreed that existing rights in the Cape would be preserved while in the ex-Boer Republics, where franchise had always been restricted to Europeans, it would not be extended to Natives and Coloureds. The rights thus accorded in the Cape were written into the South Africa Act, that is to say the constitutional statute of the Union, and to better to safeguard them they were enshrined in specific articles commonly known as 'entrenched clauses'. These clauses were made unalterable save by a two-thirds majority vote of both Houses of Parliament sitting in joint session, but the Nationalist Government, not commanding such a majority, proceeded to put through the Separate Voters Bill by simple majority in each chamber separately. Thus the Bill was enacted but the Nationalists laid themselves open to the triple charge of violating the pact on which the Union was founded, infringing the constitution and breaking their own solemn pledges. For at the time of the adoption of the statute of Westminster assurances were given that the sanctity of the entrenched clauses would be respected.

Here again the Nationalists may plead in excuse that the conditions which their former promises were made no longer obtain, particularly that the rising tide of colour, which they genuinely regard as imperilling white civilization, must be stemmed. But, relying on that argument, they must take into the bargain that repudiation of past undertakings inevitably shatters faith in present and future assurances. Thus when Dr. Malan promises that minority rights, as for instance language equality, will be respected, his opponents may be pardoned for asking whether that will hold good after a lapse of time, and so also his assurance that a republic will be established only by the clear will of the people, is accepted with reserve.

The strangest part in these proceedings was that of Mr. Havenga, Minister of Finance. He was not a member of the Malanite Nationalist party, but leader of the Afrikaner party, the remnant of the Hertzog party after the defection of the Malanites, and a professed faithful disciple of Hertzog, who had so scathingly denounced Dr. Malan's apostasy in the matter of Coloureds policy. Moreover, late as 1948 Mr. Havenga had said that there should be no decision on "fundamental colour problems without due regard to a clear cut expression of the will of the people," which he took pains to explain could not be represented by the slender majority of the Nationalists.

in Parliament. Finally in 1950 Mr. Havenga said : "If putting the coloured people on a separate roll involves a diminution of their existing political rights I must ask Dr. Malan to proceed without me." It was therefore a reasonable presumption that Mr. Havenga would not support the Separate Voters Bill ; it was questionable even whether it would be possible for him to remain in the cabinet and there was speculation—wishful perhaps—that he might go over to the United party and become successor to General Smuts. And then suddenly there came the surprising announcement that Mr. Havenga had come to agreement with Dr. Malan ; he was satisfied that the Bill entailed no diminution of rights, and, as for its constitutional validity, he was content to leave that to ruling by the Speaker of the House of Assembly.

It was not easy to follow Mr. Havenga's logic on the first of the points. Whereas Coloureds had theretofore voted in 55 constituencies they were now to be allowed to vote for four representatives ; these members (all white because only Europeans may sit in Parliament) would hold their seats for five years irrespective of changes of government, so that the coloured vote could in no way influence political issues on which general elections may be fought, as for instance, racial policy ; the four members might not take part in parliamentary election of senators and the one senator allotted them as representative in the upper house was to be nominated ; the number of coloured representatives might not be increased until European representation had been enlarged by 37½ per cent.

As to Mr. Havenga's second point it seems strange that a cabinet minister should submit his policy and principles to the judgment of the Speaker. But Mr. Havenga was rather helped over that stile by the circumstance that the Opposition took the initiative by opening the proceedings in Parliament with submission to the Speaker and the President of the Senate respectively for ruling as to the constitutional legality of the Bill, having regard to the entrenched clauses whereby, as it seemed, such a measure required enactment in joint parliamentary session. Parliament thereupon resolved itself into a court of law with the party leaders arguing the case before the presiding officers sitting as adjudicators. The verdict in both chambers, given after prolonged deliberation and with much erubescence, was to the effect that Parliament, being sovereign, was not restricted in action by any law and that the mode of procedure was within the discretion of Parliament itself. In further debate the Bill was challenged at every point, but, and as was to be expected, it was eventually passed intact by simple majority vote in both houses.

Thus it has come on to the statute book, but not without repercussions. The Opposition at once made known first that the constitutional validity of the Act would be challenged in the courts ; secondly,

at failing to win their case in that way they would introduce a Bill of Rights for guarantee of rights which, as it would then appear, were not secured by the constitution. Since then several suits have been brought in the high court on behalf of Coloureds challenging the legality of the Act and judgment has been given against four coloured politicians whose appeals are presently pending. Most injudiciously the Nationalists have permitted themselves to utter veiled threats of extraordinary action should judgment go against them, threats that are capable of being construed as intimidation of the judiciary. If it comes to the production of a Bill of Rights the Nationalist Government may find itself in an awkward position for, if the constitution does not ensure rights, the citizen may surely demand to have some protection in law against arbitrary curtailment of his liberties by governments of whatever political complexion and however unrepresentative.

It is just here that Nationalists are on precarious ground. In the final analysis it is not so much the legality of the Separate Voters Act that is in issue as the validity of the constitution of the Union. The truth is that there is growing feeling that the Nationalists are deeply wedded with Fascist leanings. Notoriously they were, to say the least, partial to Nazi Germany and sundry of their actions have tended to confirm that estimate. They have put through several drastic measures that confer arbitrary powers on the Government ; for example, the Anti-Communism Act, which makes it possible for them to brand a person as a Communist and then deprive him of citizenship rights, the Group Areas Act, whereunder people can be deprived of house and home, the Immorality Act by which marriage and consorting between persons of different race is made a crime. They have already given notice that they will abolish Native representation, presumably again by simple majority vote, and on top of all this they have set at nought the provisions of the South Africa Act, so virtually rendering the Union devoid of any constitution. If they can do these things with their small majority what else may they do ? What of minority rights, of language parity, of equality in other respects as between the two sections of the European population ? What of the monarchy and commonwealth membership, abolition of which Nationalists have not hesitated to proclaim as desired ends ? In fine there is growing apprehension that the rights and properties and national status of the people are endangered and this feeling has of late found expression in a movement that is yet another outcome of the enactment of the Separate Voters Act.

If that Act cannot be said to have produced this movement by itself it was the spark that set alight a flame that comes near to political revolt, political resistance, as it has been termed. While the Bill was before Parliament a protest demonstration was staged in Cape Town in the form of a torch light procession organized by ex-soldiers,

notably one popularly known as Sailor Malan V.C., who figured as war hero. The movement, now styled Torch Commando, having spread, it is well organized and has influential backing. It proclaims itself non-political, but its avowed purpose is to rid the country of the Nationalist Government, not for party ends but as a national cause. If not exactly partisan in character it is yet militant and defiant. To what lengths it may go or be led has still to be seen, but at least it must be a thorn in the flesh to the Government and that they are perturbed is manifest from ministerial threats uttered, which have had the effect of swelling the ranks of the Torch Commandos.

Lastly among repercussions of these events has been the extinction of the Afrikaner party by absorption into that of the Nationalists. It could not be otherwise; they had foregone the last shred of dependence and justification for their existence. Whether the will be to Mr. Havenga's advantage remains to be known. He might have continued to uphold the principles of his revered Chief, General Hertzog, most respected of Nationalists; he could have held the balance in Parliament and exerted a moderating influence, the which is much needed. Instead he has lost in prestige and it will be surprising if he is able to maintain his place in the cabinet against more extreme elements of the party he has joined. He may well have wrecked a career that might have been brilliant.

The motive for elimination of Coloureds from the polls was ideological rather than practical. For the coloured vote carried little weight in elections and that little is said to have weighed as often not in favour of Afrikaner candidates. To gain this academic point the Nationalists have antagonized the otherwise, well disposed coloured people and given them common grievance with the Native, from whom they generally stood aloof. They have laid themselves open to accusation of breaches of faith and violation of the constitution; they have involved themselves in litigation and prompted counter-legislation hard to combat; and they have roused against themselves a strong and determined movement that at very least strengthens the hand of their political opponents, who in fact polled a substantial majority of votes at the last general election. And finally they have handed to their detractors at home and abroad against whose machinations they so constantly inveigh, yet another instrument for their castigation. Surely no government ever fashioned more sticks for their own beating, a veritable lictor's bundle!

(The Hon. Sir Charles Dundas, K.C.M.G., who writes from South Africa, was Chief Secretary of Northern Rhodesia in the 1930's. He has served 24 years in various capacities in East Africa and from 1940 to 1944 was Governor of Uganda.)

THE BRITISH PROTECTORATES IN AFRICA—I.

BY A. SILLERY

EMBEDDED in the Union of South Africa are the three Protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland*. They are in the Union and yet not of it, for they are administered by the British Government through the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in South Africa, who thereby combines the functions of ambassador to the Union Government and governor of the three so-called High Commission Territories.

Basutoland, mountainous, in area 11,700 square miles, dubbed "African Switzerland," with a population of 600,000, is entirely surrounded by South African territory, its boundaries running with those of the Orange Free State, the Cape Province and Natal. Swaziland, with 6,700 square miles and a population of 180,000, green and well watered in places and bounded on the north, south and west by the Transvaal and on the east by part of Natal, has nevertheless an outlet on the east to Portuguese East Africa with its port of Murencô Marques. On the western side of the sub-continent, Bechuanaland, consisting mostly of the Kalahari Desert (which should more appropriately be called steppe, for it is by no means a sandy waste), 275,000 square miles in extent with about 300,000 people, straddles between the Transvaal, the Cape Province, South West Africa and the Caprivi Strip—all South African or South African-controlled—but has a long common frontier with Southern Rhodesia on the north-east.

The origin of the people of these countries, like that of so many African tribes, is shrouded in legend. What does seem certain is that at the time of the great Bantu migrations into Southern Africa, a group of people called Sotho, related by ties of language and culture, spread in a broad belt across Africa from the Drakensberg in the east to the Kalahari in the west. It is from this group that the present inhabitants of Basutoland and Bechuanaland—Basuto and Bantu, or better, Batswana—are descended. The Swazi, on the other hand, are an Nguni race, related to the Zulu. The Basuto nation as we know it to-day is the creation of one man. In the first

* For what the distinction is worth, Swaziland and Bechuanaland are true Protectorates, never having been annexed. Basutoland was annexed and is therefore a Colony. In practice no differentiation is made and for convenience the word Protectorate is applied in this article to all three.

quarter of the nineteenth century a petty chief named Moshesh Moshweshwe collected numbers of fugitives from the onslaughts of Shaka's Zulu, and retired with them to the mountains on the e of the Orange Free State. These sad remnants attained a robust homogeneity in an astonishingly short time, and the dynasty founded by Moshesh rules the tribe to this day. While Moshesh was founding his nation, the Swazi and the tribes who make up Batswana were establishing or had established themselves more or less in their present countries.

During the rest of the century the three territories were to and fro about on the sea of South African politics, between the British Government on the one hand, chronically unable to make up its mind but whom, because of their generally benevolent drift, and partly through the advocacy of the early missionaries, the chiefs would have liked to have as friend and protector ; on the other hand the Boers, who knew exactly what they wanted—freedom from government control, more land and the people on it, and that security which, in their view, masterful domination over the Natives alone could give. It was not until towards the end of the nineteenth century (and in the case of Swaziland not until 1906), after many vicissitudes, the narration of which has no place here, that the three countries came finally and fully under British protection.

When delegates from the four colonies of South Africa met to hammer out the Union, it was made quite clear to them that incorporation of the Protectorates in the new State depended upon the liberality of the constitution towards the Natives and particularly on the treatment of the native franchise. Unless the Natives found such provision in the constitution for their protection and for their interests as would induce them to be included in the Union of their own free will, then the Protectorates would not be handed over.

In the event the other provinces rejected the comparatively liberal system of franchise obtaining in the Cape and the question of incorporation of the Protectorates fell away. Instead, there was a compromise : the South Africa Act of 1909, commonly known as the Act of Union, the instrument that welded the Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal into the Union of South Africa, provides, in a permissive and not mandatory fashion, for the transfer of the Protectorates at some future, unknown date.

The King, with the advice of the Privy Council, may, on addresses from the House of Parliament of the Union, transfer to the Union the government of any territory other than the territories administered by the British South Africa Company, belonging to or under the protection of His Majesty and inhabited wholly or in part by Natives, and upon such transfer the Governor-General in Council shall undertake the government of such territory upon the terms and conditions embodied in the schedule to this Act.

* There is a separate provision for these in a previous section.

The schedule that follows contains safeguards of native rights and interests, including Royal powers of disallowance of any law made by the Governor-General for any territory, and reservation to the King of all Bills to amend or alter the schedule.

The Act and its safeguards have several times been supplemented by pledges given by the British Government. When the Act itself was before the House of Commons, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies said : "The House may rest assured—and I have the full authority of the Government and the Prime Minister for saying—that it will have the fullest opportunity of considering the matter before the transfer of the Protectorates." And later in the same debate he said : "The wishes of the Natives in these Territories will be most carefully considered before any transfer takes place." At the same time the former assurance was repeated with an additional statement that the House "will have an opportunity of discussing, and if they wish, of disapproving, of the action of the Government." Pledges in a similar sense have since been given from time to time.

The Statute of Westminster of 1931 and the Status of the Union Act of 1934 considerably affected the validity of the schedule to the South Africa Act and the value of its safeguards of native rights in the event of transfer. For instance the power of disallowance and the reservation of legislation fell away. Nevertheless the British Government considered, and stated in a White Paper (Cmd 4948), that transfer could only be made subject to agreement that the general scheme of the schedule would be maintained.

* * * * *

The extra-territoriality of the Protectorates has always been an irritant to South Africans, who have for long asked for their incorporation in the Union, with an increased note of asperity since the present Nationalist Government came into office.

While, in the nineteenth century, British interest in these territories was an irksome curb on the enterprise of the *voortrekkers*, the matter has, since the Act of Union, become one of national pride. Here, by South Africans, embedded in our country, geographically and socially part of it, and economically dependent on it, are three territories politically excluded from it and administered by another power, though incorporation was clearly envisaged in the Act of Union. It is as if three English counties were administered, say, by France. White South Africans consider themselves fully capable of administering their black fellow subjects. Indeed many of them would say that they are the only people, by experience and contiguity, who are fitted to do so. And since it is they, the South Africans, who will suffer most from any mistakes that are made, so it is only right

that they should mould native policy in the sub-continent.

Here let it be said that the practice of native administration that Union has been much maligned by people who know very little about it. The Native Affairs Department is staffed by many able and devoted officials who do their best for the people in their charge. That they have to struggle against a most inequitable division of land to the disadvantage of the black, and much popular and political prejudice, is not their fault. But of course the theory that informs the whole is that of the permanent dominance of the white, and the maintenance of the white man's security in all spheres. However the manifestations of this attitude are to be regretted, there is nothing surprising in this to anyone who has studied South Africa and its history ; the surprising thing would be were it otherwise.

On the other hand the administration of the Protectorates savours much more of that of British tropical Africa, where the British Government are committed to the grant of an ever-increasing measure of self-government, and envisages the time when the African colonies will become self-governing countries within the empire. Not that the Protectorates are capable of standing on their own feet or anywhere near it, but the liberal theory of government is there all the same. To the white South African, who has been in South Africa (at any rate in the southern parts of it) as long as the Bantu, and who has built up with his brains and blood and toil a civilization which is determined to perpetuate, outnumbered though he may be by four to one, British principles of native administration seem to be destructive of all security. It is, incidentally, in this context that *Apartheid* should be interpreted, rather than in such petty annoyances as different railway carriages and so on, which owe more to popular prejudice than to political theory. For the British to spread the poisonous doctrines in tropical Africa is bad enough, but to impose them into the heart of South Africa is not to be borne.

The political argument is supported by others more concrete. To all intents and purposes the Protectorates are part of the Union. Imports and exports, in the greater part, flow from and to South Africa and hardly anywhere else (there has however lately developed a good market for Bechuanaland cattle in the Rhodesias and the Congo). It is on the Union that the people depend for their numerous requirements, including vitally necessary foodstuffs in times of local shortage, while it is to the Union that they sell most of their products, and—very important—their labour. A significant part of the Protectorates' revenue comes from a fixed percentage of Union Customs receipts. The Protectorates have no currency of their own but use South African, while most of the firms that operate the three territories have strong South African affiliations.

Next, South Africans point to the condition of the Protectorates under British rule : precarious budgets, bad communications, poor social and, by modern standards, almost non-existent public services, under-development or abuse of resources. In particular the British are blamed for permitting erosion to take place in Basutoland at the headwaters of the Orange River, with a consequent threat to the economy of all that area of the Union through which this important river flows right across Africa to the west coast. Then it is said that the Okavango River and its delta in the north-west corner of Bechuanaland, with its great potentialities for relieving a drought-stricken country, are neglected and that this neglect results in the loss of the asset to the whole of Southern Africa. The Protectorates are also accused of failure to control cattle diseases, which omission, it is argued, would be remedied if the countries themselves were under Union control. On the positive side, the advantages of incorporation of a country with the financial and technical resources of the Union, are strongly underlined.

Most of these arguments can be answered more or less effectively. As regards the Act of Union, though provision was certainly made for eventual transfer, no promise was made that transfer would ever take place. On the economic side, while it is true that during the first 30 or 40 years conditions in the Protectorate were stagnant and that very little was done to relieve them, things have greatly improved in the last two decades. The Colonial Development Fund, already in existence before the war, has since made really substantial grants, and in the last two years the Colonial Development Corporation has begun important work in Bechuanaland and Swaziland. In the same two territories mineral surveys have also been started and prospects of mineral discoveries are not at all unhopeful. Of the progress in recent years it can be said that the picture is one of purposeful and promising activity. The budget still gives cause for anxiety but too much emphasis can be laid on the poverty note. Given time, and freedom from grave interruption, Bechuanaland and Swaziland at least should become quite prosperous. As to specific complaints of neglect, the campaign against soil erosion in Basutoland is being vigorously fought and a survey of the Okavango delta in Bechuanaland is now being carried out. A recent dangerous outbreak of foot and mouth disease in Bechuanaland was so well controlled (with the co-operation of the Union) that in spite of fearful risks it did not spill over the frontiers.

It is true that the Protectorates are economically dependent on South Africa and quite what would happen if the Union were to declare an economic embargo one does not know, but it is to be hoped that it would never come to that. To some extent there is a reverse side to this argument : the mines and industries of South Africa set

a great deal of store on the thousands of labourers who migrate to the Union for work every year ; though in fact this migration would probably continue whatever the relations between the Government, we must assume that South Africa would not wish to do anything that might imperil the supply.

In higher politics it could be argued that so far from importation abhorrent policies into South Africa, the British Government has done something that South Africa, with her mingled and interdependent populations, can never do : that is to produce, at any rate, Bechuanaland and Basutoland, perfect examples of *Apartheid*. Here we have homogeneous blocks of Bantu, where the African, with support and encouragement of a European government, can attain the highest of which he is capable, without either swamping European's towns, or competing with him in his employment, robbing him of any of his political hegemony in his own area. In these two countries Europeans and Africans can live alongside, not on top of each other, in mutual respect and without constantly treading on each other's toes. The situation in Swaziland is different owing to concessions made in the past by native chiefs which have resulted in much inter-penetration of white and black areas.

None of these arguments for or against incorporation however touches the root and kernel of the matter, which is that the great majority of the Native peoples of the Protectorates will have none of it. No-one can live for any time in these territories without becoming aware of the intensity of the feeling that the very suggestion arouses. This unalterable opposition is in their history and in their blood, a fear and mistrust that the idea inspires finds ample nourishment in the present tendencies of the Union Government, in the utterances of a certain section of South African public men, who express the "boss complex" in its crudest form, in the racial theology of the Dutch Reformed Church, in the tangle of pass laws, in periodical scandals connected with the treatment of labour and in the behaviour of the outlook of the man in the street. While it is true that many of people of the Protectorates flock to the Union for work and stay there for long periods, this does not alter their attitude towards absorption ; as things are they feel that behind them, as the basis of their existence, they have their own country, where they can hold their head high and live as free men under their own chiefs in their own way. They may or may not understand that the guarantees against interference given in the Act of Union lost their value with the Statute of Westminster (and what would be left of any vestige of these guarantees if Dr. Malan were to get his republic ?) ; all they know is that the things that they have are much too precious to risk and that they

e determined to keep them.

What should be the answer of the British Government if South Africa were to make of the Protectorate question an imperial issue ? , as might conceivably happen, it were to appear that the nationalists now in power might be appeased and their demand for a public abated by the cession of the Protectorates to the Union, to held might at first be tempting. To exchange three at present rather poor native territories for the continued adherence of a country occupying a dominant strategic position, rich in minerals, with fast developing and important industries, capable of raising efficient armies in time of danger, would seem on the face of it quite expedient. Moreover the transaction could legally be defended, since the pledges given in the past do not amount to any more than a promise to consult the people of the Protectorates and to consider their wishes. There is no need to obtain their consent.

But the question goes much deeper than that. Our relations with the Protectorates are governed, as Lord Selborne said at the time of the Act of Union, by "obligations of honour of the greatest possible weight." Bechuanaland and Basutoland put themselves under the Queen's protection of their own free will. The connection with Swaziland is different, but the obligation is very much the same. Since they came into the empire, these people have stood by us very loyally in peace and war and the "obligations of honour", to which Lord Selborne referred, have become, if anything, more weighty with the passage of the years. There are indeed new factors that make transfer against the popular will more impracticable than it would have been in the past : a very definite sense of nationality has begun to pervade the people of the Protectorates and is particularly strong in Basutoland. We are not now dealing with a horde of ignorant tribesmen, but with people who have acquired, in their different countries, a definite homogeneity and a sense of the dignity of nationhood, and who are led by determined and intelligent men. It is absurd to suppose that these people could be transferred to another government in the face of their own strong objections. Furthermore the people of the Protectorates do not stand alone. We may be sure that the emergent British colonies in tropical Africa, whose opinion of South Africa's policies is no higher than that held by South Africa of theirs, will be very watchful and will regard this matter as a touchstone of British good faith.

The British Government may, therefore, be placed in a dilemma. On the one hand we risk affronting white South Africa, a dominion very necessary to our imperial policy but whose racial conceptions, comprehensible as they may be in their origins, are totally different from ours. On the other hand, by abandoning the Protectorate to the Union we should lose much in honour, and would moreover

alienate our tropical African fellow-subjects whose confidence in our good faith it is now, more if possible than at any other time, essential to retain ; and one need have no doubt of the effect of such a surrender on the Asian members of the Empire, or on that body of world opinion which, in any case critical of colonialism, is watchful for any default, real or supposed, in our colonial administration.

This seems to be a case where expediency and honour go hand in hand. It is doubtful whether the sop of the Protectorates (or, for that matter, any other concession) would long satisfy the Cerberus of separatist nationalism in South Africa. Dr. Malan and his associates will go all out for their republic as soon as they feel themselves strong enough to do so. They are far too deeply committed to do otherwise. On the other hand South Africa is bound to range herself with the rest of the empire in the event of war against the only foreseeable enemy. If we should fail to stand like a rock on the question of the Protectorates, we should not only forfeit our honour, betray our principles, and sacrifice these people who have placed their confidence in us, but we should also jeopardize our delicately poised administration in the rest of the colonial empire. While welcoming co-operation, where it is feasible, in such things as the control of human and animal diseases, matters affecting the common frontiers, labour relations, inter-territorial trade, communications and so on, the answer of the British Government to any demand for the transfer of the administration of the Protectorates must be an emphatic 'no'.

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CHILE

BY N. P. MACDONALD

HERE is, in Portugal, a province known as *Traz os Montes*—
Beyond the Mountains. It is a name which the founders of
Chilean independence might well have adopted for the new
public in 1810 ; for it so literally describes that country, which
stretches for 2,500 miles along the Pacific slopes of the Andes.
Hidden beyond those peaks Chile was for long cut off from any great
contact with the rest of the world, a solitude commemorated, perhaps,
by the lone star on her national flag.

Of all the dependencies of Spain in the New World Chile was the
most neglected ; she attained the dignity of a captaincy-general only
late, and never that of a viceroyalty. To some extent this neglect
was a reflection of the difficulty the Spaniards had in subduing the
country ; for although Diego de Almagro marched into Chile in
1535 the Indian tribes he found there resisted the conquerors fiercely,
and did not finally capitulate until 1768. And even then Spanish
rule was never effectively imposed on the southern half of the country.
But if the stubbornness of the Indians contributed to Spanish neglect
of Chile it was no less a portent of the future, for inter-marriage
between the Spaniards and the Indians was to produce the strong and
gallant race, of a more homogeneous type than elsewhere in Latin
America, which is the Chilean people to-day.

There is no country in South America, with the possible exception
of Uruguay, which is not divided fairly clearly into distinct geo-
graphical zones. Chile is no different ; the country falls into four
well-defined regions. In the extreme north, bordering Peru and
Bolivia, is a desert, virtually rainless but rich in copper and nitrate
deposits. Then comes a region of limited rainfall and sparse vegeta-
tion, with agriculture—aided by irrigation—carried on in the valleys
and mining, on a smaller scale than in the north, in the hills. Next
is the so-called Central Zone, with a Mediterranean climate. Here are
the three largest centres of population—Santiago, the capital,
Alparaiso and Concepción accounting between them for a majority
of the 80 per cent. of the 5,600,000 inhabitants of Chile who live in
this region. Apart from industrial development in the neighbourhood
of these three cities, this district is devoted to agriculture. South
again comes the region of forests, with here and there some mixed

farming. Finally come the lands stretching away to Cape Horn mostly bleak except for Magallanes, where sheep-farming is the main occupation. These geographical divisions are important, for in Chile, as elsewhere in South America, they have helped to shape the political and social, no less than the economic, development of the country.

In the first decades of her independence Chile became known as the most stable of the South American republics. She did not make such spectacular economic progress as her Argentine neighbour with fewer and less valuable natural resources the Chileans remained a comparatively poor pastoral people. As in Spanish times the *hacienda* was still the main feature of their economy—a large estate worked by *iquilinos* who, in effect if not in the treatment they received were virtually serfs.

But if they were materially poorer than their neighbours, the Chileans were richer in national character. In 1861 a dispute began between them and Bolivia over Chilean rights in, and access to, the then Bolivian Pacific seaboard of Atacama. The argument continued desultorily until 1879, when Chile went to war with the Bolivians who were joined by Peru. At the time the conflict attracted wide attention; for it was the first war in which ironclads had played an active part, and naval experts of all nations followed the course of battle with close interest. Fighting continued until 1883, when the Chileans occupied Lima, the Peruvian capital. The war then came to an end, with Chile in possession not only of Bolivia's Pacific coastline but also of the southern Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica.

These acquisitions heralded a new era for Chile. The nitrate beds of the Atacama desert, now won by Chile, had been only sporadically developed by her late enemies. In 1880-1881 nitrate was exported at the rate of 234,000 tons a year, but less than two years later the figure had risen to 1,355,000 tons. Almost overnight, as it were, the world became conscious of the existence of Chile; and for nearly half a century the Chileans had a monopoly in the supply of nitrate to the world.

But by 1913 Chile was beginning to feel the effects of the development of synthetic nitrate. In that year Chilean nitrate accounted for only 55 per cent. of world consumption instead of the 100 per cent. of former years. By 1919 Chile's share of the world market was down to one-third, and by 1927 it had dropped to a quarter. American loans and rising copper exports helped to conceal the significance of these figures but then came the world depression. Its impact on Chile was immediate; in 1932 mining production had dropped to one-quarter of the 1927-1929 average, 42 motor-cars were imported compared with upwards of 10,000 in 1929, unemployment embraced

25,000 out of a working population of 1,300,000, and the Chilean share in the world nitrate market had dropped to one-twelfth.

It was now that the faults in Chile's economic structure began to show themselves ; more than that—the structure itself proved to be built on unsound foundations. Up to her acquisition of the nitrate deposits the economy of Chile had been based on the *hacienda* almost entirely in central Chile. After 1883 the northern deserts, with their nitrate and copper, began to overshadow the rest of the country in economic importance. And in time Chile, like Brazil with coffee and Argentina with meat and wheat, came to rely for her economic well-being almost entirely on her nitrate exports and, to a lesser extent, on her copper exports. For years nitrate exports alone paid two-thirds of the cost of government in Chile. They had, no less, paid almost entirely for her imports. But when the bottom dropped out of world markets it carried with it the foundations of Chile's economy.

Just as Chile, like the rest of Latin America, had based her economy on her exports, so now, like her neighbours, she sought vigorously to broaden the basis of her economic existence. Between 1929, when Chile first looked economic disaster in the face, and 1937 the domestic production of goods previously imported had risen by half against a background of a doubled consumption of electric power. The war accentuated this trend. Chile had no difficulty in finding buyers for her nitrate and copper, and the value of her exports rose by 50 per cent. There were rises in pay throughout the country. But more money did not mean more goods to buy with it ; like the rest of Latin America during the war Chile found it difficult to import consumer goods. The gap was partly filled by greater purchases from Brazil and other South American States ; but the main effect of the shortage of imports was to intensify the development of Chile's domestic industries. Thus, between 1937 and 1947 her manufacturing capacity increased by half, reaching a figure double that of 1929, and production of wool and cotton textiles nearly doubled. To-day Chilean woollen and cotton mills produce more than is consumed within the country ; they have replaced imports which formerly cost Chile £14,000,000 a year.

This industrial expansion has been inspired mainly by the Corporation for Development of Production (*Corporación de Fomento de la Producción*) which consists of representatives of the Government, public and private enterprise, and of mining, agriculture and industry. With the general aim of developing industries of national importance, the Corporation has invested mainly in existing private enterprises, aided by its powers to contract internal and foreign loans. Most of the latter have been obtained from the Export-Import Bank in Washington, although recently some loans have been received from

the International Bank. To-day the Corporation has very varied interests. It has built, or is building, six new hydro-electric plants—important because of the high production and transport costs of Chilean coal ; it is encouraging development of a new oilfield in the extreme south of the country, and a new iron and steel plant near Concepción, for which equipment has been bought with an American loan. The Corporation also has plans for making use of Chile's considerable timber resources. A cellulose factory and a newsprint mill are now being built. When completed they will produce enough to supply domestic needs, thus saving Chile the £2,000,000 which she currently pays for imports of cellulose and newsprint.

Yet impressive though this industrial progress has been, Chile's domestic production is still far from meeting her needs for manufactured goods. For instance, the equivalent of only one shoe per head of the population is yet produced at home, and of lower quality than imported footwear. Chile must still import sugar and certain foodstuffs, petroleum and capital equipment for her new industries, and to buy these things she still depends on her exports of copper, nitrate and, recently, of iron ore. These account for three-quarters of her total exports, copper alone representing half. And being so dependent on imports Chile has been seriously affected by rises in world prices.

During the war Chile accumulated frozen dollar and sterling funds. The release of these, coupled with the immediate post-war shortage of consumer goods, intensified the trend towards inflation which had already begun during the war, when imports did not keep pace with rises in pay. Now the rise in world prices has pushed the cost of living yet higher. True, the price of copper and nitrate has risen too. But the production of these minerals in Chile is, with one exception, in foreign hands, and the companies retain about one-third of the foreign exchange earned by copper and nitrate exports. Chile has thus to pay more for her imports than she has gained by the rise in copper and nitrate prices.

In the 70-odd years since 1883 Chile has thus passed through fundamental economic development. First her entire dependence on her pastoral resources was replaced by an equally complete dependence on her mineral exports ; then that dependence was reduced, but not obliterated, by the growth of domestic industry. This development has had not only an economic but also a geographical significance. Until 1883 the pastoral regions of Central Chile had been the centre of the country's economy. Then, with the exploitation of nitrate and copper, the northern deserts usurped that position. Nor has more recent and varied industrial development, which has spread—unevenly—through three of Chile's four geographical regions, deprived the north of its economic hegemony.

These shifts of economic emphasis, against the background of a diverse geography, have provided the basis for the social cleavages which are among the main features of modern Chile; for they have been accompanied by as radical changes in the country's social structure. When nitrate and copper displaced the *hacienda* as the most prominent feature of Chilean economy the *hacendados* were not disturbed. They continued to live on their estates, which the *griegos* continued to cultivate by methods which economic pressure might have changed. Nitrate and copper exports paid the taxes of landowners, subsidized their continued monopoly of political power, and enabled them to spend long periods in Europe and to give their families a European education. And so, in course of time, there grew up in Chile two nations: the landowners and the workers dependent on them, and the nitrate and copper miners, with the new increasing middle class which industry brought to birth—a class which has grown still further with the more recent spread of industrialization in Chile. Between these two nations, each with distinct economic background based in a distinct geographical position, there was little community of interest.

Elsewhere in Latin America social divisions based on divergent economies have led to centrifugal tendencies. But Chile has enjoyed more stable political history than most of her neighbours. As long as 1890-1891 the civil war which then convulsed the country fought on the issue of whether the republic should be ruled by an autocratic *junta* or by a representative parliament to which the executive was responsible. Thus when social discontents began to disturb Chile in the 'twenties, efforts were made to meet them by normal processes of government. But here a difficulty arose. Chile had for long enjoyed the forms, if not always the practices, of a parliamentary system; but the *hacendados* had retained a monopoly of power, wealth and education, and they naturally strove to keep it. In 1921 a broad programme of social legislation was drawn up by the late President Alessandri, modelled on recommendations made by the International Labour Office in 1919. The programme covered labour conditions, social security, industrial accidents, conciliation and arbitration. It also provided for the formation and protection of co-operatives. This programme was opposed by the Conservatives for three years, and only became law in 1924 after being forced through a special session of Congress by a military *junta*.

This programme has since become a practical feature of Chilean life. Trade unionism has also developed strongly, and the industrial workers, with some of the middle classes, made their mark on the political scene with the Popular Front of 1938-1943. Not least, the Communists have securely entrenched themselves. The Chilean Communist party was founded in 1921, and profited from contem-

porary discontents in building up its membership in which, as might be expected, the copper and nitrate miners have a prominent place. The present President of Chile, Señor Gonzalez Videla, depended on Communist support for his election in 1946, as did his two immediate predecessors ; he at first took them into his Government, but has since dispensed with their aid.

Altogether Chile has made considerable economic and social progress in the last 30 years. But that progress has been qualified in two respects. One is that it has not kept pace with the rising cost of living, especially since the war, and this has led to widespread discontent which the Communists have spared no effort to exploit. The second qualification to be set against this progress is that although the landowners have lost some of their political power they have not lost all of it ; while their economic position has remained virtually unchanged. The main reason for this is that those who have an interest in the disappearance of the *hacienda* are in a minority compared with those who, if they do not actively favour a continuation of it, have some stake in its survival. Thus, despite the growth in importance of Chilean industry, 40 per cent. of Chilean workers still draw their livelihood from agriculture, compared with 17 per cent. from industry and only 6 per cent. from mining. The miners and industrial workers are thus outnumbered by the agricultural workers so that unless they can enlist the support of the latter there is little chance of the disappearance of the *hacienda* being brought about from below. Nor is there, at present, any great chance that that support will be forthcoming. Archaic though the *hacienda* system may be in many respects the great mass of agricultural workers have not so far shown any active discontent with it. Only 0.2 per cent. of them are trade unionists ; and when, on being given the Ministry of Agriculture by President Gonzalez Videla in 1946, the Communists once began organizing agricultural labour they were defeated by an act of Congress which, in effect, forbade a labour movement among agricultural workers.

The *hacienda* therefore remains virtually untouched by the economic changes that have come to Chile in the last 30 years. But it is questionable whether it can survive much longer, because its continued existence has led the Chilean people into two major economic difficulties. One is that the rising standard of living has increased the demand for food, a demand which the *hacendados* have been unable wholly to meet. As a result Chile has had to import, at considerable cost in foreign exchange—particularly dollars—food which she could well produce herself. For example, Chile to-day imports Argentine grain, although she herself exported grain not many years ago, and 200,000 sheep are brought in from Argentina each year to add to the food resources of Central Chile.

nly 4.7 per cent. of Chilean territory is arable land, yet even that cultural area is greater than that of Italy. But more than 60 cent. of that arable area is in the hands of 600 families. Half consists of estates of more than 12,000 acres ; some of them or a quarter of a million acres, and seldom has the *haciendado* possibility, and often not the interest, to cultivate the whole is land, or train his workers to do so. The Agricultural Coloniza-

Institute has powers to break up estates, but they have been ially unused. In fact, rather than increase food production by king up the estates to enable them to be more intensively cultivated, Chilean Government have sought to achieve the same end by pting a grant under President Truman's Point 4 programme to ad knowledge of the latest agricultural techniques.

hortage of home-produced food is thus one of the two major culties which have resulted from the survival of the *hacienda*. other is the threat the *hacienda* represents to Chile's new irstries. Capital for industrial development is difficult to obtain Chile, and when it is forthcoming the interest rates are high. *hacendados* could help to fill this need for capital, but they are illing to nourish what may prove to be their Trojan horse. Again, strial development must go hand in hand with an increase in estic purchasing power ; yet the low wages paid to the great portion of Chilean labour engaged in agriculture are restricting increase.

ow, then, is Chile to resolve the problem of the *hacienda*, and ay the foundations for a more stable economic future ? Mexico show her one way of doing it, and President Perón in Argentina is on his way to illustrating another. It is impossible to prophesy course Chile will take. But for those who may wish to learn e of this oft-forgotten land and its attractive people a recently-lished survey, amply supplied with diagrams and statistics, may warmly recommended.* Certainly the continued survival of the *enda* in Chile may prove an irresistible temptation to a militant munist whose aim is first to arouse the agricultural workers and to attack the landowners ; and a Communist Chile would be a ger to Latin America, indeed to the whole western world.

INDIA'S POLITICAL PARTIES

BY WERNER LEVI

THE recent defection of many prominent members of the Congress party is one symptom of the rapidly changing scene of internal Indian politics. The tense economic and social situation combined with the elections in January are bringing political activity to unprecedented heights. Dissatisfied, ambitious, or opportunistic elements are sensing an excellent opportunity to form new or strengthen old parties in competition with the Congress.

The slow deterioration of the Congress can easily be understood if it is considered not as a party in the usual sense but as the organization of the national movement for freedom and independence. As such, it concentrated upon India's escape from British rule. To the major aim, questions of detail, the nature of a future free India and above all, personalities were subordinated. On the basis of vague and broadly stated goals, the vast majority of Indians found it possible to co-operate in pursuit of the common struggle. Factions of the most diverse, mutually exclusive views and interests were working side by side. And everybody hoped that the day would come when the battle with Britain would be won. But the Indian National Congress is no exception to the rule that unions designed for a single purpose begin to fall apart with the achievement of that purpose. The unifying force of the fight for freedom is waning. There is no other common objective to renew it. On the contrary, now that the problem is to build up a free India, irreconcilable differences of opinion arise as to the means, the methods, and the goals. Tensions among the groups composing the Congress, hitherto hidden or suppressed, are coming into the open.

With the responsibility of government arrived the necessity for the Congress leadership to cease being vague, to take a stand, to engage in definite policies, and especially to show results and satisfy high expectations. Yet in every respect the Government's attitude so far has turned out to be much more moderate and hesitant than might have been expected from the composition of the Congress or from the promises made during the fighting days. Congress policies indicate that the conservatives in the party have gained predominant influence. A shift of political power in their favour has taken place.

fact, Congress is no longer the political instrument of the Indian people but only of certain sections. It is becoming a political party strictly speaking ; a party of the Right. The late Sardar Patel, "realist", "strong man." and "boss of the machine", was responsible for this development. His supporters, the majority in the party executive, chose to make Congress President Purushottamdas Tandon his successor.

As a consequence of this trend, opposition to the Congress high command, that is the Government, is rapidly rising within and without the party. It is all coming from elements to the Left of the party leadership, which would permit the conclusion that official Congress policy (together with the Hindu Mahasabha) represents the furthest right-wing politics in India to-day. For the time being, opposition within the party is still possible, providing the official and the critical viewpoints are not too far apart. This situation will presumably continue as long as Pandit Nehru himself disagrees with his own colleagues in the executive. But the group in control of Congress is getting tougher. They are increasingly unwilling to tolerate contradiction and their policy is turning more rigid. Some conservative Congressmen are so confident of their group's control of the party machine that they feel no need to "appease" Pandit Nehru to win the elections.

Naturally, Pandit Nehru finds it more and more difficult to reconcile differences within the Congress. His numerous appeals for unity have failed to halt resignations of Congress members. That they have had some success at all is mostly due to Pandit Nehru's high standing with the masses, the almost unanimous agreement that there is no equivalent successor to the premiership in sight, and the attraction of being a member of the still powerful Congress. Pandit Nehru reinforced his appeals with his resignation from the executive and the central election committee. By this step, which threatened the very party unity which he was so anxious to preserve, he presumably hoped to strengthen the hand of the progressive minority in the executive and to avoid the nomination of additional reactionary candidates. His action raised a dilemma for the conservative wing : on the one hand, they disliked his policies, but on the other hand, they realized the enormous asset which he represents for the party. The resignation of the entire working committee of the party with Purushottamdas Tandon at its head and the nearly unanimous election of Pandit Nehru as President indicate that the latter's tactics were successful. But they do not necessarily indicate that a basic change in Congress policies will take place. The continued resignations of prominent party members subsequently can be taken as evidence of this.

Pandit Nehru's victory over Mr. Tandon is essentially a personal

victory. His popularity with the voters had a determining influence. But the conservative forces, though somewhat weakened now, are firmly in the saddle. And those who left their safe positions in organization to join another party or create one of their own have thought little of the possibility of realizing their ideals without the Congress. For to leave the party is a daring move for an Indian with political ambitions.

The party has the overwhelming following of the people. This is hardly due to the benefits received from it ; indeed criticism against it is astonishingly widespread, though based on different grounds. Congress popularity is due mostly to the absence of an alternative effective organization. New parties have to work against heavy odds. They have to start from scratch. They will have to work for years to become known and create a following in the villages without which no democratic party can succeed. And they will never be able to compete successfully with the Congress as long as Congress enjoys personalities and prestige from the struggle for freedom survived. Nevertheless, a number of politicians have seen fit to engage in competition. In some cases, for example with the socialists, the decision had to be made sooner or later in view of fundamental differences ; in others, for instance with Acharya J. B. Kripalani and the dissident Calcutta group, the motives were more complicated, involving personalities as well as differences of opinion. In all cases genuine and deep dissatisfaction with the record of Congress during the past three years has been a major factor. It would be quite wrong to ascribe the present political activity merely to opportunism and expediency in view of the forthcoming elections.

The Communist party has been an independent organization since its foundation in 1924. However, some of its members worked among Communists inside the Congress. Its policy is identical with that of any other Communist party anywhere else. The Moscow-directed line is followed even when it must be antagonistic to most Indians such as in the case of the Chinese aggression in Korea and Tibet. The party demands a working-class government, nationalization of foreign-owned industry, and confiscation of "feudal" estates without compensation. India is to withdraw from the British Commonwealth and join the "peace camp led by the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China." The party's propaganda output in the form of cheap pamphlets and "peace" meetings is prodigious. In spite of considerable efforts it has not created a large following. The reasons for this rather surprising fact are largely peculiar to Indian and temporary.* The party suffers from personality culties ; it is considered traitorous because of its support of Germany and Britain (as an ally of Russia, of course) during the 1939-1945 war.

* See "India's Foreign Policy" by Werner Levi. THE FORTNIGHTLY, April, 1951.

s unpopular because of its violent methods ; and its supposed "revolutionary dynamics" have little appeal to the masses of Indians.

Probably because of its failure to attract a following and perhaps because of the strong stand taken by the Government against it, Communist party has changed its tactics recently. It is no longer functioning prominently as an individual organization. Instead it has fused a number of Leftist groups into front organizations and uses, as "electoral alliances", oppose the Congress in local elections. They have had some success in Calcutta and the former French colony of Chandernagore. They will also function in the national elections, in addition to the Communist party itself.

The Socialists left the Congress in 1948 to form their own party. They had delayed this step upon Gandhi's request in the hope that they could strengthen his hand against the ascendancy of the conservative forces. After Gandhi's death they fully realized the utility of working within the Congress. They also believe that democracy in India requires the existence of an effective opposition party, and they hope to be it. At present the party is weak, except in some of the urban centres. This is due largely to its youth, to its highly intellectual and idealistic leadership, and to its policy up till now of demanding of its members the devotion of several hours a week of work for the party. This policy has changed and the party is aiming at becoming a mass organization. It is extremely active in the villages with the intent of becoming known first of all and of thereafter spreading its ideas. The rather remarkable peasant demonstrations it has been able to organize indicate the success of its activities. The leadership hopes to gain 15 per cent. of the vote next January and a majority in the foreseeable future. This optimism is based not only upon the enthusiastic work of the leaders themselves, but also upon the conviction that the Socialist party will be the spectacle of the dissatisfied elements leaving the Congress. However, so far most of these groups, Acharya Kripalani's among them, preferred to form their own parties. Nevertheless, to-day the only popular Indian party of nation-wide significance apparently capable of becoming a serious competitor to the Congress is the Socialist party.

Its 12,000-word platform for the coming elections contains the usual promises of cleaning up the Government and of guaranteeing equal rights to women, minorities, and refugees. It foresees a mixed economy of socialized major industries, co-operative home industries and agriculture, and private enterprise in small undertakings and small scale farming. The land is to be distributed so that the maximum holding per farming family will be 30 acres of average productivity. A plan worked out jointly by village communities and government

will aim at the improvement of agricultural methods and labour utilization and the welfare of farmers. True to the Indian Socialist belief that India's most important capital is its labour, great stress is laid, throughout the programme, upon volunteer work. The Socialist platform calls for India's withdrawal from the British Commonwealth, for neutrality in the cold war, and for collective security arrangements among nations situated between Egypt and Indonesia.

The youngest and a potentially influential party is the Kisan Mazdoor Praja party or, for short, the Praja or People's party. It is, essentially, the creature of Acharya J. B. Kripalani, a former Congress member of 36 years' standing a former Congress President and a close collaborator of Gandhi. In a struggle for power inside the Congress during 1950, Acharya Kripalani lost out and his ardent opposition began, partly with the backing of Pandit Nehru. Whatever personal disappointments may have determined him to form a new party, there can be little doubt that his genuine dissatisfaction with the inefficiency and corruption of the Congress was very influential. He is convinced that in its present conditions the Congress is unfit to lead the country. That several thousand Congressmen chose to join him is an indication of the strength of the criticism.

The basic disagreement of the Praja party members with the Congress is not so much over principles as over the practical application of these principles or their execution. Characteristically, therefore, the party's manifesto and much of its propaganda is devoted to a severe attack upon the lack of efficiency, integrity, and spirit of service in the present administration. The positive programme, a middle way for India, does not deviate greatly from the Congress programme. It calls for a balanced economy which is "neither capitalist nor communist". In the vital land question, the platform only calls for the prevention of further sub-divisions of small land holdings without saying anything concrete about the fate of the large estates, except that all land should belong to the tiller of the soil. Yet, landless farm labour is envisaged as a possibility, for the platform advocates that it should be organized. The platform calls for cottage and decentralized industry to the greatest possible degree. Only a few key industries are to be nationalized. All other "centralized industries" are to be run by "autonomous corporations or co-operatives representative of various interests including the State" and in general the sector of the economy subject to private enterprise is to be under "social control". How much the party is pre-occupied with internal problems at the expense of foreign policy is emphasized by the platform's statement that "we would fain talk of foreign policy" but that for the sake of completeness it proceeds

call for neutrality in the cold war.

The remaining secular parties are of little political significance. Among them, the National Liberal Federation has some slight influence through the high quality of its discussions and resolutions. It resembles a club more than a party. The members form an unorganized group of liberal, moderate, and very able intellectuals who meet once a year to discuss current issues. The forward bloc obtained some publicity through its leader Subhash Chandra Bose, once president of the Congress against Gandhi's wish, collaborator with the Japanese, creator of a Japanese approved Indian liberation army, and a man with considerable popular following during his lifetime. Bose's followers claim to be real Socialists. They have some purely local strength in Bengal.

The religious Hindu Mahasabha is regaining influence. It was established early in this century as a reaction to the Muslim League. Its main purpose then was the protection of Hindu rights. But Hindus being in the majority anyway, the Mahasabha never had a really essential task to fulfil. It willingly left broader questions of policy to the Congress and was satisfied in keeping alive Hindu religion, culture and traditions. With the growing political activities of the Muslim League, the Mahasabha too became more politically-minded and by the middle of the 'thirties had developed into a communal political party. For awhile the substance of its politics was anti-Muslim and its major activities consisted in making Congress policies more anti-Muslim. It did not participate constantly and actively in national politics. Instead it came forth with resolutions at times of crisis or when important issues arose. The partition took much wind out of the party's sails and it quietened down.

The conflict between India and Pakistan has again provided the Hindu Mahasabha with a cause and made it particularly attractive to the Hindu refugees from Pakistan. In spite of a progressive sounding platform, Mahasabha politics are quite reactionary. The party in effect stands for extreme nationalism, militarism, expansionism and pan-Hinduism. Its dream is the recreation of a Hindu state as it existed hundreds of years ago. This would include Indonesia, Burma and other States. Openly the party only agitates for the conquest of Pakistan at the moment; privately members admit freely that other States should come under Hindu rule. Such viewpoints make the party a centre of attraction for various kinds of reactionary elements in India. Hence many Indians fear that the Mahasabha may become the nucleus of a quasi-Fascist group composed of party members, the most conservative wing of Congress, some business interests, and some military interests who have become communally-minded through the war with Pakistan. The party already has its "storm troopers" in the form of the R.S.S., a group

of rowdies ready for action at any time. There is no official link between the party and the R.S.S., but a close relationship exists nevertheless.

The lively political activity in India may, on the one hand, appear desirable in a young democracy. On the other hand, most Indians are anxious to avoid the many evils of a multi-party system. The Constitution envisages a two-party system. For the time being there is no danger of unstable central governments due to a multiplicity of parties, in spite of the 12 or so admitted to competition in the January elections. The overwhelming power of the Congress is not yet likely to be broken. Too many of the parties are either instruments of individuals, or created for special and limited purposes, founded upon purely local conditions. Above all, however, with the exception of the Socialist and Communist parties, they have so far failed to offer a real political alternative to the Congress. Their criticism frequently heard in the Congress itself—and its failure to solve the many problems of India. But they do not offer a convincing programme of their own which would indicate that they could improve upon the performance of Congress if given the chance. In other words they lack a *raison d'être*. To a degree they are characteristic of the mood of the people : critical and dissatisfied, but unwilling to remove the causes of these feelings.

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FIFTY YEARS IN ENGLISH EDUCATION

By H. C. DENT

IT was in 1900 that I began to attend a public elementary school. Ever since then, except for five years between 1914 and 1920, English education has been my professional concern ; as pupil, teacher, youth leader, and educational journalist. My experience of it thus covers exactly the period surveyed in the Ministry of Education's annual report published last June.* Though I have been in close, and almost continuous, touch with the schools throughout the past half century, I find it difficult to comprehend fully the extent, or the significance, of the change that has come over them during these fifty years. For anyone who has not been so closely in touch it must be next to impossible. Almost everything has altered—except, unfortunately, in many instances the buildings.

My family being peripatetic, I attended three elementary schools. Of the first two I remember nothing save their outward appearance. As many other details of my life during those years remain clearly with me I conclude that these schools were neither undisciplined nor over-disciplined—both frequent types at that time. Of the third school I have a host of vivid memories. Partly, no doubt, because I was older, but chiefly because I adored my teacher, and persuaded myself into the belief that she adored me. Not altogether without cause ; many a time in class she would lean over me and whisper into my ear : " You *are* a nice little boy." And more than once she bent a little lower and softly kissed my cheek. I sat at the end of a row, where this would be unobserved. Miss Sykes was always gay, and often laughing. I do not remember her ever having the slightest trouble with discipline, which speaks wonders for her, seeing that it was 1903 and the school was in a tough West Riding area. Her control was the more remarkable in that she allowed us to talk freely to each other in class about our work. (It was understood that our conversation *was* to be about work, and within limits I think we played fair.) That was in days when for a pupil to speak in school, save in answer to a question from the teacher, was usually

*Education 1900-1950. The Report of the Ministry of Education and the Statistics of Public Education for England and Wales for the year 1950. Cmd. 8244. His Majesty's Stationery Office. 5. 6d.

as good as to ask for the cane.

But, great-hearted woman as she undoubtedly was, Miss Sykes taught very much in the fashion of the time. Probably she thought she had to ; Morant was only then composing his famous charter of liberty for the elementary school teacher : "The only uniformity of practice the Board desire to see is that every teacher shall think for himself." So we did "mental", that is, we added, subtracted, multiplied or divided in our heads (our fingers assisting behind our backs) in response to problems she shot at us, and shouted or stammered back at her (according to the slickness of our wits) jubilant or shamefaced answers. We recited daily in chorus the multiplication tables, our voices rising in a steady crescendo to a shrill finale at "twelve twelves a 'nundred-'n-forty-four." We worked on paper unending sums with astronomical figures. We read aloud round the class, from the "Star" readers, one volume a year—our sole excursion into literature. We wrote daily in copybooks, striving laboriously to approach—we could not hope to equal—the inhuman perfection ("up strokes thin, down strokes thick") of the model line that flowed across the head of each page.

We memorized the capes, bays, estuaries and rivers of Great Britain in their order round the coast ". . . Dungeness, Beachy Head, Selsey Bill . . ." We learned the kings and queens of England, and their exploits—this sounds like legend, but it is fact—by chanting a jingle that began :

William the Conqueror long did reign
William his son by an arrow was slain . . .

We sang scales, but so far as I can remember nothing else. And on Fridays we painted "blobs". I must put in a word in their defence, even at risk of horrifying my friends the exponents of "free art"—to whom I am as grateful as anyone can be for the revolution they have wrought. To the children of 1903 the therapeutic value of "blobs" was immense. To put just the right sized drop of water on the little slab of paint. To twirl your brush on the moistened surface until it had absorbed just enough paint. To make sure that no stray hair projected from its compact body. To poise the brush above the paper, and then, slowly, steadily, firmly—but not too firmly—to press it down on the sheet, hoping, praying, that it would make a perfect "blob". What thrills the process, many times repeated, gave us ! Four blobs, one up, one down, and two sideways made what was called by courtesy a flower. It was the sideways blobs that really tested your skill of hand and eye, for it was against the rules to twist your paper round. To paint a page of perfect "flowers" was a rare achievement, long to be recalled with pride.

All that belongs to an age which has passed for ever. Gone, too,

most happily, have other, grimmer, features of those days. One of the things that made me love Miss Sykes so dearly was that she would never wake the little "half-timers" who, tired out by their morning's work in the mill, fell asleep during their afternoon session in school. It was not until 1918 that the "half-time" system was abolished, though it had been dying a natural death for many years previously.

During the year I spent in that Yorkshire elementary school an Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration recommended that "a systematized medical inspection of school children should be imposed as a public duty on every School Authority." As result, the School Medical Service came into being in 1907. What miraculous change in the health and physique of the nation's children it has effected! In my schooldays it was common to see a child crying in class with toothache. Adenoids, earache, ringworm and rickets were too frequent to cause comment, and short sight went largely undetected. Every Saturday night my mother went through my hair with a fine tooth comb, and purged it with borax and soda. Occasionally I had escaped infestation; my sisters, never.

School meals (for obviously ill-fed children only) were by then being provided by voluntary effort in many large towns; but not in our industrial village. Nearly every week I took a parcel of food to the house of my best friend. His father drank, as did so many fathers—and mothers. He was as poorly clothed as fed, and in either was exceptional. In 1906 legislation made it possible for local education authorities to defray the cost of providing meals for children attending elementary schools who were judged "unable by reason of lack of food to take full advantage of the education provided for them." The Act was permissive only. The subsequent very different histories of the school medical and meals services illustrate clearly the dissimilar reactions of local authorities to a duty and power. The former, which was mandatory, from the start progressed steadily and consistently; it was not until 1941, as a measure of war strategy, that the latter was largely developed.

When, in 1904, I told my school-mates that I was leaving to go to a Grammar school they crowded round me in bewildered amazement. They had never heard of such a thing; the only transition they knew was from school to work, which they made as early as possible. (Even under the 1902 Act that could be at 13; only a year or two previously it had been 12.) They could not conceive why anyone should want more school. The Grammar school to which I went, in a nearby town, was a private establishment. Not more than a quarter of a mile from it there had recently been established one of the new-fangled municipal secondary schools which the local education authorities were empowered by the Education Act of 1902 to provide. We "sons of gentlemen" at the Grammar school were

strictly forbidden to have anything to do with its pupils ; they were "low". This was, perhaps, just as well—for the municipal schools. Any contamination which might have resulted from association would I fear, have come from our side, not theirs. To say that indecency was rampant at that Grammar school is to put it mildly ; boys openly exposed themselves in class, and the lavatories (including the washplace) could not be used by the few who did not like that sort of thing. Except that I enjoyed there my first organized games (these were unknown in elementary schools) I learned little or nothing at that school. Nor, I imagine, did any other pupil fare better, for the teaching was both pedestrian and perfunctory, and the discipline so poor that no one could pay much attention to it anyhow.

I would hesitate to say that such private schools were unusual in 1905. Happily, I stayed there only one year, before being sent to Kingswood, which was then reserved exclusively for the sons of Wesleyan ministers. There I was subjected for five years to the rigours of the classical curriculum, thoroughly if not very intelligently taught in the nineteenth century manner. It was no doubt good intellectual discipline for those who took naturally to it ; at any rate Kingswood was sending a steady stream of open scholarship winners to Oxford and Cambridge. Unfortunately for me, I didn't win, and I left before I was 16.

What next ? My father had always intended me to follow him into the Wesleyan ministry, as he had followed his father ; but I had already made it quite clear that that was not my *métier*. There was no one to turn to for authoritative advice ; vocational guidance was in its infancy. (The Board of Trade was in that very year setting up the first juvenile employment bureaus, but of that I knew nothing.) Finally, I embraced the only other profession I knew at first hand ; I became a teacher. One could, just like that, in those days even at the age of 16. Qualifications were irrelevant. I was unlucky first time. Of the school where I made my *début* I will say no more than that in an assistant staff of six, of whom one, the second master, appeared to be a permanency, there were eight changes during the term I spent there. I took a term off to recover from the shock.

My second experience could not have been more different ; in fact the only points of resemblance between the two schools were that both were privately owned and both took boarders. I owe a debt of gratitude to the principal of my second school which I can never repay. He taught me how to teach, and more, to see in teaching a vocation. He pointed out to me, what in my inexperience I had not realized, that a Senior Oxford Local Certificate, even with Matriculation exemption, was hardly an adequate qualification for anyone considering teaching as a career ; and he set me on the way to

ondon external degree. But, infinitely more important than all this, throughout the three years I was privileged to live in his house I learned from his example what a Christian gentleman at his best could be. Nor must I omit mention of his sister, who among many acts of kindness, one Sunday evening in a three-hours' talk led me to an understanding of adult responsibility.

The school had been founded by their father 40 years before. It was known, and regarded with affectionate admiration, for many miles around. Parents put their sons' names down for it years ahead, just as other parents do for Eton. One would have thought its future secure against any assault. But the principal knew better. A large municipal secondary school had been opened in the town a year or two before I joined his staff. We younger folk—staff and pupils alike—were inclined to look down our noses at it. But the principal was wiser than we ; he had read the signs of the times aright. The small town, even with the surrounding countryside, could not support so many secondary schools of the size it now contained, and he knew which would survive. He knew that his two huts in the garden, pleasant though they were, could not long compete with the brick-built classrooms of the municipal school. He had no laboratories, staff rooms, or gymnasium ; the municipal school had them all. And—perhaps ultimately the decisive factor—he knew that the unfledged and unqualified striplings that were all he could afford to employ as his staff could not produce the academic successes that the municipal school would teach parents to demand. During the 1914-1918 war he quietly gave up the unequal struggle.

My teaching service after the war was entirely in maintained secondary schools. It was during the early 1920's that these schools really got into their stride. The working classes had by then fully realized the opportunity which the "State" secondary schools offered to their children. The competition for "free places" became intense, stimulated, unhappily, not least by heavy unemployment in the skilled trades. Consequently, at any rate in the north of England, to which I moved again in 1922, the secondary schools were full of highly intelligent children, keen as mustard, and further spurred on by parents determined that at all costs the bright boy (or girl) of the family should not live out his life on recurrent doses of the dole".

Those were thrilling years for the teacher ready to welcome new ideas. The spirit of adventure was at large ; experiments multiplied. Unhappily, bad staff work and the panic economy measures of the Geddes axe " killed the great Fisher Act gesture of day continuation schools ; but at other points along the line advance leaped ahead. Margaret Macmillan had triumphantly proved the case for the nursery school and got it recognized in legislation. Montessori, and a

modernized Froebelism were revolutionizing methods in infant schools. The American Dalton plan of individual study was being tried out in many junior and some secondary schools. A few schools were even experimenting with the "project method", another and more daring American idea. A group of private schools, whose mouthpiece was the New Education Fellowship, began insistently to preach and to practise (with varied results, some good, some catastrophic) the doctrine of absolute freedom for the child. Some of us in the State secondary schools caught the infection, and our classrooms became cells of rebellion against traditional methods to the delight of our pupils and the fury of our more conservative colleagues.

Meanwhile, with less publicity but more far-reaching effect, the senior elementary school was once more, as so often in its history, thrusting up into the secondary sphere. Enterprising local authorities, taking full advantage of the clause in the Fisher Act which instructed them to provide courses of advanced instruction and practical training for older children in elementary schools, were setting up "central" schools, after the pattern of those established by London and Manchester just before the war, and other schools which, to indicate their experimental nature, they sometimes called "modern"; and they were giving them their head.

Some of these schools, proudly conscious that many of their pupils were intellectually as able as many in the recognized secondary schools (lots of parents offered free places for their children could not face the loss of two, or more, years' earnings which acceptance implied), were going flat out on secondary courses leading to the School Certificate. But others, especially the "senior" schools which accommodated the children who had failed to get into either secondary or central schools, were developing curricula and methods along very different lines. They were cutting down academic studies to a minimum, and introducing a wide variety of handcrafts and other practical exercises.

Always previously the elementary school had been rebuffed whenever it tried to rise above what was considered its station. But not this time. The great "Hadow" report,* published in the closing days of 1926, not only warmly approved what it had been doing but recommended that it be officially recognized for what it was: genuine secondary education of a new kind. The report went even further: education, it said, was a continuous process, its advance marked on by stages. All schooling up to the age of 11+ should be regarded as

*Report of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education on The Education of the Adolescent. H.M. Stationery Office, 1926.

imary, all thereafter as secondary.

What a thrill that report gave many of us, and what a period of ingled hopes and frustrations followed ! The Government adopted e consultative committee's recommendation that the elementary hool should be reorganized into separate junior and senior schools, it did not make this mandatory upon the local education authorities; nsequently, " Hadow reorganization " proceeded most unevenly roughout the country. It is not yet complete. The Labour overnment which came into office in 1929 made three unsuccessful tempts to raise the school-leaving age from 14 to 15, as Hadow had commended. And then the world economic depression fell upon s, halting advance of every kind.

It was 1935 before the ban was completely lifted. And then the ducation Act which was prepared, and passed into law the following ear, was a poor compromise affair. The school-leaving age was rtainly raised to 15 (to take effect on September 1, 1939), but with emption at 14 for any pupil who could show that he had an offer f " beneficial employment ". What constituted " beneficial mployment " local education authorities were still disputing when Hitler blew all reform into a back cupboard.

But not for long. The quickened social conscience which modern ar brings, powerfully stimulated in this instance by the shocking velations of evacuation, was soon demanding not merely reform but dical change. By 1943 this had been proposed, and by 1944 enacted. remains to carry into effect the high determination of those exalted ears. Will it take as long as it did to work out in practice the full implications of the greatest Act of 1902 ? Will the next half century see profound and thoroughgoing a change in education as the one just concluded ? If the past is any guide to what will happen in the future e answer should be No to the first question, but Yes to the second. believe we are on the verge of greater change than we have yet known.

VIOLENCE AND THE CARTOON

BY JOHN CULSHAW

I HAVE only the vaguest recollection of my first visit to a cinema, a hazy sense of the mystery and expectation aroused by a building which looked like a cross between a fairground exhibit and a mosque. The entrance sign had been amended to read " Palace all-talking Pictures " and the new word stood out in all the excitement of its bright red paint. Of the interior, the audience, the quality of projection and sound I can remember nothing ; nor do I remember the feature, except that it had something to do with the north pole, and huskies. What remained after the performance, and what still remains, is the memory of a cartoon ; the strange spider images in black and white which traced the adventures of a girl whose main characteristic was a huge, outrageously disproportionate head (She must, I think, have been Max Fleischer's Betty Boop). I cannot remember the purpose of her wanderings through sinist mountain caves nor the nature of her conversation with animals and flowers ; all that mattered was that she was there, an unreal yet likable image that moved and danced and sang. The image remained, and so did the song. Thus another child had found his way into the folklore of the animated cartoon.

At that time it was accepted that cartoons were made for children. The idea of a full-length cartoon or of one that might have an essentially adult appeal was, with the exception of *avant garde* productions like the French "*L'Idée*", something which emerged much later. The child of the early 'thirties entered quite freely into the world of Felix the Cat, Bonzo and the embryonic Mickey Mouse, and the adults who allowed him to do so were, generally, confident that what he saw would not jeopardize his development or behaviour. Most adults did not bother to take the cartoon seriously, at least during the period of its technical infancy, and the producers were content to repeat plots derived from well-known fairy tales. A formula was being established, and it continued to apply long after the cartoon had reached technical maturity. The principal character was clearly defined and inevitably victorious, whatever the odds ; the grotesque was exciting without being ugly, and violence, an essential factor even in the earliest days, was violent without being cruel.

Walt Disney was the only cartoon producer whose inventiveness

naged to keep pace with improvements in technique. He moved ahead of his competitors in creating both an original cartoon style and a group of characters whose behaviour was consistent and predictable. Earlier, he had made tentative experiments with the grotesque in his "Skeleton Dance" and "Haunted House"; the latter in particular was interesting because it reversed the usual mula and allowed the main character (Mickey Mouse) to be led out of his wits by some surprisingly affectionate ghosts. Such cartoons of this nature were exceptional. The Mickey Mouse series, once it had established its range, remained basically comic, while the parallel "Silly Symphony" series, which had no regular characters and is now defunct, attempted a more poetic and lyrical approach and thus in some ways anticipated Disney's later experiments in his full-length "Fantasia".

There was a difference, however, between the moral codes applying to each series. I know it sounds strange and even pretentious to talk of a cartoon having a moral code, but it is true that Mr. Disney's characters did observe certain primitive standards of behaviour; this alone made them more interesting than their predecessors. The Mickey Mouse series soon lost the ominous trend towards the grotesque, and the characters drew their comedy mainly from their struggles with peevish, and normally inanimate, objects such as chairs, beds, springs, diving boards and refrigerators. It was only in some of the Silly Symphonies that Mr. Disney allowed the nightmare aspects of fantasy to emerge. In these cartoons the story was far less important, and the vein of comedy far less crude. Greater attention was paid to atmosphere, and to pictorial beauty for its own sake. The animal figures were more real than the obvious caricatures of the Mickey Mouse series, and the use of colour, when it became the rule rather than the exception, was more subdued and poetic. There are many who believe that only in these Silly Symphonies did the cartoon rise above the medium of entertainment and approach the boundaries of art.

Walt Disney's competitors straggled far behind. Betty Boop limped away, possibly because of an inherent crudity thrown into high relief by Disney technical superiority; her malformation was unpleasing and pointless. Max Fleischer's other character, Popeye the Sailor, although the true originator of the kind of violence which dominates the modern cartoon, was less popular than the Disney animals because of the lack of invention which made his cartoons so essentially similar. But at least, in the eternal triangle of Popeye, Bluto and Olive Oyl, virtue has reigned triumphant to this day—Popeye has always managed to find his spinach on time, and Bluto has always suffered accordingly. On the strength of modern developments, it is possible that Popeye is due for extinction unless he changes

his moral code.

In the Disney series the changes were gradual. At first Mickey and Minnie Mouse held the stage, while Donald Duck, Pluto and Goofy were incidental as comedy relief. Mickey, the basic Disney character, was essentially good, essentially one-sided, and never seemed to harbor any spleen against his enemies. Pursued or attacked he presented his ubiquitous grin, unfailingly aware that triumph was inevitable. He never did anything for spite, he never became annoyed to the point of losing his temper. He was smug, and in the end he became a bore. Minnie soon faded from any active part in the cartoon, while Mickey was gradually pushed into the background by Donald Duck, Pluto and Goofy. This was a natural enough development since the attraction of Walt Disney's animals has always lain in their human, rather than animal, traits, and Mickey Mouse was the most human of all. Donald Duck was much more sympathetic, if not because of his ability to lose his temper and to curse vehemently in what was indisputably the strongest of duck language. What is more, he was a new kind of cartoon hero ; his triumph was by no means inevitable ; he was nearly always at the mercy of personal mechanical contrivances and, at the end of the film, more than likely to find himself still entangled in something or other, cursing more strongly than ever and gazing at the audience with that hopeless resignation which is at once so human and so lovable. As a result Donald's mixture of virtues and failings soon ousted the puny Mickey. One could go with Donald all the way, one knew the extent of his guilt when he prepared for some act of revenge, one sympathized more in his defeat than in Mickey's triumph. Donald Duck brought conscience to the cartoon, and thus made it more adult, more subtle ; from the moment he stepped into the lead, Donald became a flippant embodiment of the conflict between forgiveness and the desire for revenge.

The other characters likewise developed individuality. They stood mid-way between Donald and Mickey, being neither so virtuous as the former nor so insipid as the latter. Goofy became the comical village idiot, less interesting though often more amusing than Donald, because his conflict was always on the physical plane, and concerned such things as getting on and off a horse, learning to box, and so on. Donald's influence was discernible in a host of minor characters such as the fiendishly ingenious squirrels which appeared intermittently as his tormentors and which, though charming to watch, possessed a streak of spitefulness and cunning which made them vastly different from the animals of the mature *Silly Symphony*. But through all these developments a fundamental charm prevailed : whatever happened, there was never any real nastiness, never any of unchallenged cruelty. The comedy cartoon still derived its

ence from the earlier slapstick comedies, from such elementary situations as the difficulties of a man trying to hang a picture on a nail. It was left to later, post-war cartoon makers to suggest that instead of hanging the picture he might hang himself.

Violence has always been present in the cartoon, but it has always been violence in terms of a particular aim ; a primitive but important scale of values has always governed its use. Popeye throws Bluto out of the window partly to convince Olive Oyl of his superior masculinity but mainly to protect her, for Bluto is always the source of trouble, always the aggressor. Donald Duck loses his temper with the orphans, but only so that the ensuing discipline will assist him to build a kindly relationship as a foster-parent. Such a scale of values stood the test for ten years or more, and only began to wane after the 1939-1945 war. Slowly, it became apparent that Walt Disney was growing tired of his established characters, and his restlessness was evident in his desire for experiment, his attempts to endow human figures with animation in full-length cartoons, his almost hysterical partiality for abstract designs and nightmare flashes of colour. The technique seemed to be out of control, it seemed to be eating away the artist. There was undoubtedly a certain bitterness prompted by the failure of the Silly Symphonies, which were artistically the most interesting of his productions, and his new style, exemplified in full-length productions, seemed deliberately to distort and cheapen the finer qualities of the earlier ones, as if Mr. Disney had sensed the new public demand for noise, surprise and violence of effect. But if the Silly Symphonies failed, "Fantasia" and its successors were similar failures on a grand scale. His restlessness was unmistakable, and though the public continued to give him token acknowledgment as the greatest of cartoon makers it has, at the same time, given the commercial lead to some of his competitors.

These competitors owe their success to a realization that audiences, having graduated from Mickey Mouse to Donald Duck, were ready for a further step—a step in the direction of violence. If Walt Disney did not recognize this, it is to his credit that he refused to compromise the animal characters he had slowly developed—Donald Duck without a conscience would not be Donald Duck. Accordingly, he tried, without success, to satisfy the demand by means of abstract violence, a blinding montage of colour and design, dazzling meaningless cutouts and blaring music. He failed because the public, having now an enthusiasm for violence, preferred to take its violence neat. The box-office lead therefore passed to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with their "Tom and Jerry" cartoons and to Warner Brothers with their "Bugs Bunny" series. In terms of cartoon technique these represent a decline ; neither

series exhibits the Disney love of detail and subtlety, the backgrounds are uninspired and functional, the actual draughtsmanship surprisingly crude. But the most revealing difference between these and older cartoons is the emphasis on violence and the absence of character. The Tom and Jerry series is based entirely on the familiar cat-mouse chase, but with the difference that the chase is endless and pointless, like some trivial symbol of the perpetual and meaningless warfare that George Orwell envisaged in his 1984. There is no question of reconciliation, no hint of Donald Duck's all-pervading conscience, no sense of a world where there might be anything other than the victor and the vanquished. The nature of the violence is not shown exactly, because now it seems to have an entertainment value : tails are pulled off, legs broken, heads scalped, bodies mangled. In one cartoon the cat, grinning, has a golf ball driven through its teeth ; in another, its coat is burnt away by an exploding firework. I am not suggesting that these cartoons are anything less hilariously funny : it is simply that our conception of what is funny or of what is admissible as funny, has undergone a radical change. In comparison, the most violent of the early Disney cartoons seem childishly tame and lacking in pace.

Similarly, the Bugs Bunny character of the Warner cartoons is an animal embodiment of the spiv, a character recognizing no code of behaviour beyond the selfish and accepting no values concerning the welfare of others. His actions are frequently deceitful, cowardly, malicious and violent beyond description, but he is invariably presented as a figure for sympathetic amusement ; he is the modern hero. The implications are rather disturbing, for they suggest that modern audiences have neither time nor patience for the primary values which Donald Duck represents, nor can they accept the attitude of resignation to which he succumbs when things are just too bad. In other words, Donald is guilty of showing too much consideration for his adversaries. We have come to accept that war, even in the fantasy world of the cartoon, is war. The idea of a story, however simple, seems to have been abandoned because violence is able to create its own context, as in those Tom and Jerry cartoons which begin in the middle of one chase and end with the same contestants still in full pursuit. The audience neither knows nor cares why one is attempting to kill or maim the other ; brutality exists in its right, the laughs are invariably associated with some form of infliction. This would not seem quite so bad if Tom were portrayed as a thoroughly wicked cat, but he is not. His real failure is inefficiency, and if these new cartoons point any moral it would seem to be that nothing really matters so long as you are efficient enough to be victorious. The limit of this approach was reached two or three years ago in an extraordinary cartoon featuring a cat called L.

o, living a life of selfish affluence, was contrasted with a poverty-
icken hungry dog for whom the audience was obviously intended
develop sympathy. Yet at the end it was Laura, in her limousine,
o squashed the dog to pulp and then grinned triumphantly at the
wilderer and murmuring audience.

t is no wonder that Walt Disney has chosen to ignore this new
proach. The values on which he founded his cartoon world
ve collapsed suddenly, and it seems that he is faced with the choice
lowering his standards or accepting a smaller, specialist audience.
, who alone founded a new and genuine twentieth-century folklore,
st watch while the technique he developed is used with a crudity
t recalls the earliest days and with a total lack of that enchantment
ich characterized all his finest work. Mr. Disney's only real develop-
nt during the past five years was a brilliant, completely lunatic
toon called "Clown of the Jungle" which, beneath its supreme
plausibility, suggests the despair of an artist who has been
saken but who refuses to give up the struggle.

So it has happened that the child who makes his first acquaintance
h the cinema during 1951 will find that ugliness and violence are
restricted to the war scenes in the newsreel. He may even become
ditioned to think that humour and violence are inseparable, and
t cartoon fantasy without violence is dull and reminiscent of the
ssroom ; he may even dismiss Donald and his conscience as soppy.
d it is useless for adults to blame the cartoon producers, for what
happened to the cartoon is an adult affair, the result of a definite
x-office demand. Just as the newspaper comic strip has slowly
usted itself to the adult-adolescent taste, so the cinema cartoon
deserted the children. After all its struggles to attain a degree
artistic credit, the cartoon has been relegated to an inferior position
cheap, popular entertainment. Perhaps it should never have
empted more, and perhaps it should now be content to exist on the
el of its newspaper equivalents. And yet something has been
, something which a world where so much is being lost can ill-
ord.

(The author's book *A Place of Stone* is soon to be published by Secker
and Warburg.)

HERBERT PALMER : PORTRAIT AND APPRECIATION

BY DEREK STANFORD

SELDOM does reality square with our imaginary pre-view of I had formed fairly clear ideas of the sort of person that Herbert Palmer must be before I met him. Having just reviewed his book *The Sword in the Desert*, in which in an Introductory essay I encountered certain forthright qualifications, I decided he must be artistic die-hard, a Munnings of poetry, reaction incarnate. Had I been less precipitate in judgment, I should have observed that along with reservations concerning Rimbaud, Mallarmé, and Rilke the true fountain-head of all future verse (a credo I somewhat over-cherished at that time), Mr. Palmer was also the author of some even stricter censure of the Georgian poets, with whom—in my ignorance I had placed him. I was soon, however, to be disillusioned. Meeting him on a poetry brains trust, I was forced to revise my mental portrait in a way that left very few original touches standing. Instead of finding him cold and unforthcoming, rigid with suspicion and dislike of the young, I discovered an impulsive rhetorical being, an ardent enthusiastic speaker, by turns grim, humorous, fantastic, and inspiring. To those who have never heard the poet "holding forth", I can best suggest the phenomenon by saying that where other people talk, he testifies. Discussing poetry with Herbert Palmer carries one as far as possible from the point where one acquiesces in T. S. Eliot's definition of poetry as a "superior pastime". Not cards, croquet, cricket, canasta, or other games and entertainments of skill supply the analogy for Herbert Palmer's concept. Poetry for him is clearly a matter to be discussed with the same excitement as revolutions and coronations provoke. One feels oneself infectiously required to speak in certain audacious over-tones, for the most part absent from conversation, which makes of the occasion almost a holiday. "Darkness braces, bless relaxes", William Blake tells us; but Herbert Palmer so mixes anathema and praise that both his Yea and Nay affect us like stimulants. To say that he has a fulminating mind coupled with a simple rejoicing heart might serve to describe his unexpectedness, his unpredictability of his *obiter dicta*.

The next surprise I had coming to me was in the choice and range of names he cited in defence of his position. What I had anticipated was that he would refer to the nineteenth-century romantic poets—

ats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, and Byron—to the work of Shakespeare and Milton, and possibly mention the pastoral Clare Dyer whom the Georgians had helped to establish as a fashion. Most of these he did indeed cite ; but the names he uttered with a sense of special allegiance were Blake, Villon, Landor, and the great anonymous border balladists. He also spoke of Caedmon and Beowulf, of some of the storm-and-stress Germans as well as the odious ironic Heine (Herbert Palmer received a part of his education at Bonn University, and lived and taught in Germany a number of years). His knowledge of the work of his contemporaries is prodigious (as the briefest glance into his volume *Post-Victorian Poetry* will prove). Nor does this exclude the output of the young, though I think his choice in this field erratic.

This catalogue of affinities, recited with a deal of bardic unction, is highly instructive when approaching his verse. To begin with, I saw that Herbert Palmer's sympathies were not primarily with the 'still life.' scenic poets, whom his Georgian contemporaries selected. He was not a landscape artist or lyrical chronicler of the week-end hike, but a poet of vision, passion and drama.

Theoretically, no doubt, the distinction is invalid, for whether one takes the sphere of rural quiet or the busier arenas of life for one's province, the same tensions, conflicts, and fatalities occur if one has the eye to register them. It is not all a business of "shining firs", of may-poles, hop-poles, harvests and cider-feasts. These play a part in the bucolic picture, but grimmer symbols are there for picking. Thus Matthew Prior in his idylls suddenly flashes upon us the image of a shepherd and his sweetheart struck dead by lightning in a meadow before their wedding, while Wordsworth tells us of Lucy Gray, lost with her lantern on a night of storm and snow. Or, in another and perhaps more subtle key, we are shown, in one of Charles Mynyon-Turner's sonnets, a "knot of soft gray feathers" lightly clinging to violet stalks and grass-blades—all that remains of a tame dove which a passing hawk has attacked. But just this other side to the picture, this unsmiling cheek as one might call it, was what the Georgian poets for the most part sedulously avoided. The note of quiet in Edward Thomas, and the feeling of doubt in Edmund Blunden's verse were exceptions rather than the rule ; and even these poets generally forbore to intrude a direct image of violence or pain. Though Herbert Palmer does not take the subject-matter of the Georgians as his regular material, we see—in such a poem as "The Sunned Hawk"—how different it becomes when he chooses to employ it :

I have with fishing-rod and line
Roved many banks and had great play ;

But there are shadows in my mind,
And one will stick till dying day.
I saw one morn near Muker bridge,
Beside the wood I sought to pass,
A great hawk—crippled in the wing—
Spread wide and struggling on the grass—
Shot by some keeper as it flew
In cruel ecstasy of Spring.
It was of strange and mottled hue—
A crag-land, evil, splendid thing.

Here are quoted only three of the eight stanzas, and while they serve to give some conception of the strength and sonority informing the poem—the fierce grip with which it fastens on its content—the excerpt necessarily omits the development of vision in the poem to its close. Compassion follows on startled apprehension, pity for the hurt creature that fulfils itself only by hurting others, leads at the end to grim identification. Like Villon the poet feels himself implicated in a vast community of the damned :

We're pages from the self-same book ;
But you—you're done. I wait God's wish.
One hunts with beak, and one with hook,
And one with word—birds, knaves, fools, fish.

This, we observe, is moral realism—the mordant vision that Villon knew when he wrote of the presence of death (" *La mort le fait fre
paillir . . .* "), or when in his " *L'Epitaphe* " he asked why one should think it presumptuous

Of those who suffered death by law to dare
To call you brothers still. *

It is also the Christian vision of no redemption without recognition of sin.

This endeavour to concern himself with the larger issues of human existence, whatever the poem's starting-point might be (as we learn from his fairy play "The Dragon of Tingalam") is what characterizes him from the Georgians ; and only the habit of marshalling poets according to age groups and years of publication could have led us to place Herbert Palmer in their camp. Indeed, he possessed all those characteristics which he tells us the Georgians wished to avoid : a sense of the religious, the philosophical, the political, the patriotic ; a feeling for the mystical in life, and the spiritual nature of good and evil.

We find his style cultivating all those most moving and m

* Translated by R. N. Currey.

ficult devices of language. Whereas the Georgians had eschewed rhetoric for fear of involving themselves in bombast, Herbert Palmer revels in magniloquence which at times degenerates into bluster. "The Wolf Knight", a poetic testament which one may compare with John Davidson's poems (though Herbert Palmer's model was probably Villon) contains both a good and bad plethora of speech :

And here's a howl will sweep to the Gates of Glory !
And here's a yell to crack the thongs of the sky !
'Twill shake the hearts of the young, unseat the hoary,
And curl in the sleeve of the wind—and fly—and fly,

example, strikes us as excessive. There is something of the rasher about it. The best use to which he puts this larger-than-life-size language of his is when he mixes humour with his rhetoric :

Let the damned ride their earwigs to Hell, but let
me not join them.

(" Rock Pilgrim ")

He who reads these words and finds in them no petal of beauty
Will get a pain in his eye and feel muddled for missing his duty ;
He who reads these words and judges them weak and delirious
Shall be bruised in the elbow by Mars and bit in the knee-cap by Sirius ;
He who reads these words and despises their needy creator
Will lose half a crown the same day and five ha'pence a week or two later.

(" Dynamite and Lavender ")

In his employment of bold auditory effects, Herbert Palmer again stands apart from the Georgians. Using alliteration and onomatopœia in an occasionally over-forceful fashion, he produces certain verses that are noisy and childish rather than effectively expressive. For example, in his powerful poem "The Two Foemen", we encounter such unfortunate 'atmospherics' as

"Twist ! Twist ! Twirl !" they yelled. "Down toes and under !" Screech ! Screech ! Whizz ! Swish ! Clatter ! Crash ! Oh, the sky rolled and rocked to the thunder. Flash ! Flash ! went the guns. Flash ! Flash !

On the other hand, in his later poems (see especially his volume *The Wolf Knight*) his grasp on the substance of verbal sound is surer ; surer, more sinewy and controlled :

Three thousand million skulls defile
Our woods and pastures league on mile ;
Three thousand million skulls appal
Our brethren under tree and wall ;
The whole green world is littered white
With bones that sicken and delight,

With bones that gladden and affright.

He is like an artist who has learnt to stress the muscles in anatomy without making his model appear a parody of Charles Atlas.

If one searches to locate the central attitude from which traits spring one might say that Herbert Palmer is unusually possessed of a sense of reality and of vision. The first gives him his grip on things, the second permits him to transcend or reconcile them. Without the former his work would be unanchored, a substanceless make-belief of fancy : without the latter it would seem unexalted, a cynical earth-bound statement of despair. This combination is perhaps best discovered in his anthology-piece "The Fiddler and the Girl", in which the claims of the spirit and "this too, too solid flesh" are counter-pointed.

Such an inconclusive debate between two elemental forces may bring many a poet to a stand-still ; but Herbert Palmer has gone on and on. The reason for this would seem to lie in his vast reservoir of energy. "Energy", wrote Blake, "is Eternal Delight," and "Exuberance is Beauty." In these aphorisms we learn the cause of the greater pleasure we find in Herbert Palmer. He is a Dionysian poet, a kind of evangelical Christian sun-worshipper. Both in practice and in theory he has felt the attraction of this heavenly body. "Prayer for Sunlight in Early Spring" is one of his most ardent poems ; in criticism he has felt himself bound to attack the influence in verse of that rival symbol, the moon. In his book *Post-Victorian Poetry* he associates the moon with the Georgian movement (though much of what he says would certainly apply to the early poems of T. S. Eliot, Conrad Aiken and other innovators). "This world of the moon," he writes, "which suggested an approaching disease, literary anaemia, and an acceptance of some of the worst post-war conditions of passive materialism, began to pluck hard at my nerves. I felt that the lordly sun was not getting his fair fee." The balance he decided, must somehow be redressed, upon which determination he sat down and wrote his "Denunciatory Ode to the Moon". The character of the man lies apparent in this gesture—his enthusiasm for any cause he espouses, his mixture of the playful and the serious, his fanatical and strange sense of insight, and finally his lyrical immediacy of action. In days of anxiety, prudence and reflection one must either be annoyed by or cherish this eccentric.

(In his second article on English poetry since 1938, published in the October 1951 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Herbert Palmer writes: "Derek Stanford is a gloomy, adventurous, and rather flat symbolist, but he seems the most promising of our young poet-critics.")

THE OLD POET

BY PHOEBE HESKETH

here's a path of gold on the water
here Evening walks with green hems caught
a hazel mist at the edge.
ere he listens

or the trout-rise and the tread
f supple-footed Spring around the wood.
owly he casts and holds the quivering rod
nd line as fragile as his spinning life ;
nd the lapping lake awakes his slowing blood
o lyric solitude
s a green wind shakes dry reeds.
hese are his words and music ;
hese are his women.
or he whose needs are few
as long since put away pen and turned
rom every vain desire.

ut now old rhymes run sprightly-footed through
he cobwebbed rooms of his mind with a wind-sprung broom
ill clouded images renew
he sharpness of some heyday of the heart.

nd though his sleeves are frayed
nd eyes and ears grown dim and speech delayed
f former lightnings, deep within him range
Intrusted truths and poetry unchanged.
He is old
nd grey but the way he goes is paved with gold.

TSCHAIKOVSKY AND THE VON MECK LETTERS

BY EVELYN P. HOPE

IN 1886, when he was 46 years of age, Tschaikovsky wrote his friend and publisher, Jurgenson :

One person plays the chief part in the last ten years of my life. She is my good genius ; to her I owe all my prosperity and the power to devote myself to my beloved work. Yet, I have never seen her, never heard her voice ; all my intercourse with her is through the post.

He refers to Nadezhda Filaretovna von Meck, the wealthy widow nine years his senior and mother of 11 children. Out of her admiration for his genius and deep regard for himself (unseen but by means unknown), for 13 years she made him the generous allowance which freed him from the necessity to earn his living as professor of harmony at the recently started Moscow Conservatoire, which wasted, as he felt, every day six precious hours that he longed to devote to composition. He did, in fact, catch more than one glimpse of her, one in particular, driving in her carriage not far from his country house, Simaki, which she had placed at his disposal for a short holiday. "Although we were only face to face for a moment," he writes, "I felt horribly confused. However, I raised my hand politely. She seemed to lose her head entirely and did not know what to do." And so the carriage passed on, and except as strangers in a crowd they never met again.

They lived as it were on the fringe of meeting. This was by no means the only occasion on which Nadezhda von Meck invited Tschaikovsky to use one or other of her three country houses. Not always was it in her own houses alone that she saw to his comfort. He writes from Florence, in November 1878 to his brother Anatole : "The apartment Nadezhda Filaretovna has taken for me consists of a suite of five rooms . . . In the drawing room there is a splendid grand piano ; on the writing table every kind of stationery and two big bouquets. . . . I was troubled with the thought that Nadezhda Filaretovna would be living so close to me ; that we might meet. But a letter from her, which I found upon my writing table . . . completely set my mind at rest." She was only half a mile away, in the luxurious Villa Oppenheim, and when she left he wrote : "How recently I was embarrassed by her close proximity—and now I miss her ! "

Not only did these two never meet ; they agreed not to. At the

inning of their correspondence, she wrote : " There was a time when I earnestly desired your personal acquaintance, but now I feel the more you fascinate me the more I shrink from knowing you. It seems to me that I could not then talk to you as I do now." And he replied : " I am not at all surprised that, although you love my music, you do not care to know the composer. You are afraid lest you should miss in personality all with which your ideal imagination has endowed me. You are right." There is some evidence that after two and half years Nadezhda may have been tempted to break the strange secret. For a week before the accidental encounter, her private pianist, Pakhulsky, who was known to Tschaikovsky, suggested that next time he visited him he should bring Milochka, Nadezhda's youngest daughter, with him. Tschaikovsky wrote to Nadezhda in previous alarm : " Forgive me, dear friend, and make fun of my vanity if you like—but I am not going to invite Milochka here, for this reason : my relations to you—as they exist at present—are my chief happiness . . . I do not want them altered by a hair's breadth . . . for God's sake let everything remain as it has been. . . . Forardon my frankness, dear and noble friend." So the friendship continued to subsist entirely on letters—letters written not less than once a week, and frequently every day, revealing an affection and intimate understanding so precious as to be almost vital to Tschaikovsky. If for once she did not write, he was worried : " With my usual tremblings," he wrote to Anatol, " I supposed that she had stopped loving me . . . but I have just received a letter from her, so sweet, so generous, with such sincere expressions of love." And when, during the last three years of his life, he believed (mistakenly, as it seems, though not without apparent reason) that Nadezhda really had stopped loving him, neither the unfailing affection of his family nor a measure of success, which his brother Modeste describes as the realization of " his wildest dreams ", could console him.

" I am sometimes possessed by a mad desire to be caressed by a man's hand," he wrote to Anatol on the occasion of the latter's marriage, yet there is nothing in any of his letters to suggest that he desired a more personal relationship with Nadezhda. Whether her feelings were quite as detached is doubtful. After two years of letter writing, moved to the extent of two sleepless nights, by playing the piano transcription of his Fourth Symphony, which he had dedicated to her, she wrote : " Do you know, when you married it was intensely difficult for me, as though some part of my heart had broken ? . . . I hated that woman because she did not make you happy, but I should have hated her a hundred times more if you had found happiness in her. I believed she had robbed me of what should have been mine, what is rightfully mine for the reason that I love you more than

anyone and value you above anything else in the world." She added that her confession "can't alter any part of our relationship. I was no change." Tschaikovsky replied with protestations of "love too powerful to be expressed otherwise than through music" and left at that.

In considering this unusual friendship, it should be remembered that Nadezhda von Meck was a recluse, and that Tschaikovsky, always shy of strangers, was tormented by a deep depreciation of himself and even of his music. "It comes over me suddenly," he writes to Nadezhda, "that no one really loves me or can love me, because I am such a pitiable, contemptible being." Yet there were many who did love this tall, handsome man, with his great personal charm, his appealing blue eyes and his many gifts. Nor did he stint the affection he gave in return. One might perhaps expect some circumstance to keep the lives of these two, in the beginning of their correspondence, apart, but there was nothing. They both lived in Moscow. He was a professor at the Conservatoire; one of her few friends, Nicholas Rubinstein, was its principal and his best friend. His family, like hers, was of the wealthy middle class. She was recently widowed; he was a bachelor.

There had been one girl, a wonderful singer, to whom he became engaged in the early Moscow days, but she married somebody else. In his 'thirties he began to think he would like a wife. His idea was some elderly spinster or widow who would sympathize with him and share his interests. Writing to his father in 1872, he said: "I confess that at times the thought enters my head of installing a good woman in my home, a good, plump little woman of the order of your tasty little cream puff" (his father's third wife, to whom he was much attached) "but I'm afraid I'd regret it afterwards." Sure enough had he known it, the good woman was at hand, for in December of that year Nadezhda von Meck sent him her first letter, expressing thanks for an arrangement of some of his music for violin and piano which she had commissioned through her private violinist, who had been an admiring pupil of his. During the next few months the letters between them rapidly became more and more intimate. Nadezhda asked Tschaikovsky for his photograph but said that "in present" she preferred to think of him from a distance. Tschaikovsky expressed a wish to dedicate to her the symphony (the Fourth) he was then writing. Nadezhda paid his debts amounting to three thousand roubles "for her own sake", saying, "your very existence gives me so much enjoyment, for life is the better for your letters and your music." Then in the July following, unexpectedly and disastrously, Tschaikovsky got married—to a woman very different from Nadezhda.

There was a girl named Antonina. She had been a student at the Conservatoire. Tschaikovsky did not remember her, but she

membered him, and she wrote him a love letter. This seemed to him "so warm and sincere" that he answered it. Antonina replied, begging him to come and see her. "It may be", she wrote, "that I soon put an end to my life. Let me look at you and kiss you, so that I may take that kiss into the other world." Tschaikovsky went. It seems", he told Nadezhda later, "as though some hidden force drew me to this girl." By an unlucky chance, it was just at this time that he was composing his best known opera, *Eugene Onegin*, in which Titania writes a love letter to the hero and he repulses her. So Tschaikovsky, allowing his sympathy for Titania to become sympathy for Antonina, soon came to feel that if he did not marry her he would be worse than Onegin. He even got it into his head that she might, indeed, commit suicide. "Either I must keep my freedom at the expense of this woman's ruin . . . or I must marry," he wrote to Nadezhda, and added: "Wish that I may not lose courage in the new life that lies before me. God knows that I am filled with the best of intentions towards the future companion of my life."

A month after the marriage he was writing to his "best", his most loved, sweet friend": "I sincerely believed that I should fall in love with a girl so truly devoted to me. The moment the wedding was over and I found myself alone with my wife, and realized that our future lot was to be inseparably united . . . I abhorred her." Perhaps Antonina never had a chance, but Tschaikovsky could hardly have found a more unsuitable wife. Far from sharing his interests, she did not seem to know anything about his music. Her only conversation, according to her husband, consisted of "innumerable tales of the innumerable men in whom she had aroused tender motions. For the most part they were generals, nephews of famous bankers, well known artists, even members of the Imperial Family." My only wish," he wrote to Nadezhda, "is for the chance to run away somewhere. But how and whither? It is impossible, impossible, impossible." After about six weeks of this unholy matrimony, Tschaikovsky went out one night and waded waist-deep in the ice-strewn water of the river Moskva, hoping to get pneumonia—since more obvious suicide would be unfair to his family—and as that did not work, he wrote asking Anatol to send him a faked telegram, telling him to St. Petersburg, and so "in a state bordering on insanity" he got away. His brother, who found him so changed that he scarcely knew him, took him straight to a hotel, where he had a brain storm and was unconscious for 24 hours. The doctor at first held out little hope of his recovery, and insisted that if he wished to retain his reason he must never see his wife again. Leaving his patient still unconscious, Anatol went to Moscow and told Nicholas Rubinstein, and together they saw Antonina. She agreed, but for many years he, at intervals, pursued Tschaikovsky with letters and personal

visits—"someone who was in love with her was keeping them apart"—"would he take care of her children" (this after she had set up house with another man whose children they were). And to the day of his death Tschaikovsky supported her.

Antonina settled, Anatol took his brother abroad to recover. They had money for only a few weeks. But Nadezhda, who all along had been sending him tactful, comforting letters, now crowned her generosity by giving Tschaikovsky an annual allowance of six thousand roubles. He was embarrassed, but she wrote: "Are we really such strangers? Do you not realize how much I care for you? In my opinion it is not the tie of sex or kindred which gives these rights, but the sense of mental and spiritual communion. . . . Why should you spoil my pleasure in taking care of you? . . . Do not interfere with my management of your domestic economy, Peter Ilitch." Tschaikovsky's response was as generous. He wrote: "Every note which comes from my pen in future is dedicated to you." And three months later: "You and my brothers have given me back my life. Not only am I still living, but I can work. . . . I owe you everything, everything; you have not only given me the means to come through a very difficult crisis without anxiety, but have brought a new element of light and gladness into my life. I am now speaking of your friendship, my dear, kind Nadezhda Filaretovna, and assure you, since I have found you so eternally good a friend, I can never be quite unhappy again."

Then followed 13 years of freedom and hard work, during which Tschaikovsky's position as a composer was established. And during those years everything that pleased or moved or interested or worried him, went into a letter to Nadezhda. "Since, once for all, you are my best friend, dear Nadezhda Filaretovna, must I not tell you all, *all* that goes on in my queer, morbid soul?" He tells her that it is thanks to Mozart that he has devoted his life to the "divine" "revelation". To her and to her alone he can describe the details of the creative process, and he does so—at length. He writes a great deal about other composers, classical and contemporary. Beethoven is like a god; Wagner is a great symphonist who has taken the wrong turning. Books are discussed, and philosophy. Nadezhda sends him Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*, and he comments: "How can a man who takes so low a view of human intelligence . . . display at the same time . . . such a haughty belief in the infallibility of his own reason?" The little daily happenings are recorded in these letters. He is studying English "To read Shakespeare, Dickens and Thackeray in the original would be the consolation of my old age." He tells her how much duty the Customs demanded on a dress he was bringing from Paris for his sister; and of his distress at the death from diphtheria of a woodman?

four-year-old daughter whom he had seen on his daily rambles, and whose confidence he had taken much trouble to win. Nadezhda's money enabled him to travel, and he sends her his impressions, for example, of Rome—of Michelangelo (superb—like Beethoven) and Raphael (like Mozart). He confesses to her his "mortal fear" of the "whole army" of mice which infests his lodgings in beautiful Naples ("so divinely beautiful that I shed tears of gratitude to God"); and from San Remo he sends her violets "gathered by my own hands."

As Tschaikovsky wrote to Nadezhda about all he felt most deeply, it is not surprising that he tells her about his faith—and his doubts. His "quiet rapture" in the services of the Church, and his inability to accept its dogmas. In particular, he finds it difficult to believe in a future life, though, he adds : "I shall never reconcile myself to the thought that my dear mother, whom I loved so much, actually *is not*; that I shall never have any chance of telling her how, after 23 years of separation, she is as dear to me as ever." Years later, moved by the death of Nicholas Rubinstein, he writes of his belief in God, "where He is; what He is I know not; but I know that He exists, and implore Him to grant me love and peace, to pardon and enlighten me."

So it went on till September 1890, and then, without warning, came a letter from Nadezhda, saying she was in financial straits, and would have to stop his allowance. He replied, warmly, sympathetically, gratefully as ever; but he soon found out that Nadezhda von Meck had no money troubles of any consequence. And, what was worse, though he wrote again and again, she never replied to his letters. What could he think? He heard she was ill, but he did not know how ill. Actually, she was dying slowly of a terrible disease which gave her the illusion that she had lost her money, and made her much too ill to write. But he had no means of knowing all the truth. He thought she had forsaken him, and was heart-broken. He wrote : "I would sooner have believed that the ground would give way under me than that Nadezhda Filaretovna would change her attitude to me." One gets glimpses of Tschaikovsky during the last three years of his life : world-famous, and comfortably well off; conducting in America; coming to Cambridge to receive a doctorate, and staying with Professor and Mrs. Maitland, whom he found delightful. But only the Pathetic Symphony, the first performance of which he conducted nine days before his death, reveals his sad heart. He died on November 6, 1893. Even on his death-bed, writes Modeste : "The name of Nadezhda Filaretovna was constantly on his lips, and in the broken phrases of his last delirium this word alone was intelligible to those around him." Three months later Nadezhda Filaretovna, also, was dead.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir,

THE POUND, THE DOLLAR AND INFLATION

In your October issue, I read with great interest Professor Hawtrey's rejoinder "The Pound, The Dollar and Inflation" to my article "Inflation in a Free Society" published in your August issue. The threat of a further devaluation, rather than a revaluation, of sterling and other European currencies has since become very real and the unnecessarily low level of British export prices, criticized by Professor Hawtrey, should be corrected by an appropriate adjustment of selling prices ; best effected by the exporters themselves, who ought to know their markets. The proper course is not adjustment by revaluation, which is unselective and raises the price both on goods which can bear such an increase and those which cannot. The expansion of incomes in the export industries and their inflationary effect ought to be taken care of by our steeply progressive tax system. But if taxes do not in fact absorb these excess incomes, can it be said that they are too high—in a technical sense at least ?

I am in full agreement with Professor Hawtrey on the principle of flexible exchanges and stable, or nearly stable, price levels. But the International Monetary Fund is in disagreement with either of us and its Articles of Agreement leave it no alternative. See in particular Article IV, Section 4, which commits it to the promotion of exchange stability and the avoidance of competitive exchange alterations, also Section 5a of the same Article, which authorizes exchange alterations only "to correct a fundamental disequilibrium." Professor Hawtrey is, of course, quite right in what he says about the question of "fundamental disequilibrium" (see page 655 of your October issue), but unfortunately, the Fund does not see it this way—and that is decisive.

On inflation in general, I hold that no cure is possible as long as rearmament continues on its present scale. Inflation can at best be slowed down, in present conditions. Even that requires international action. As Professor Hawtrey writes himself : ". . . American prices are an important, if not the predominant factor, in markets all over the world." Their rise cannot be halted, much less can they be reduced, without severe measures of control in the United States. Congress, by refusing to countenance such measures, takes away with one hand what help it grants with the other. The United States, like its allies, must restrain its consumption. Half the degree of self-restraint which Britain has shown in all the years since 1933 would be more than sufficient for that—and the United States would still be left far better off than almost any other country in the world.

This does not—far from it—absolve us from acting ourselves to curb inflation. But all measures we might take will merely be expedients as long as shortages of raw materials, manpower and investment goods remain the decisive factors in limiting production. Nor does still higher taxation provide a solution. For the money so taxed away would again be pumped into circulation as greater incomes arise in the armaments industries, while the production of consumables, physically limited in its expansion, cannot increase as fast as the supply of money. Of course, with a million or so unemployed, the pressure of inflation would be much reduced. Yet, at present, when mobility of labour is much restricted if only by the housing shortage, even moderate use of the bank rate—the policy apparently recommended by Professor Hawtrey—might well produce considerable unemployment without achieving the desired redistribution of manpower and other resources. But if political economy cannot supply a better solution of the problem than unemployment, it is neither "political" nor "economy".

Yours faithfully,

R. P. SCHWARZ.

Geneva, Switzerland.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

JOHN BULL OF POPLAR

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

ONLY middle-aged critics who were unlucky enough not to meet George Lansbury, though remembering him in the 'thirties as a kindly pacifist figure with white whiskers, can afford to dismiss him from the political scene with a patronising wave of the hand and the epithet "sentimental". Everyone else, including the young who meet Lansbury for the first time in Mr. Raymond Postgate's biography, will recognize his stature as a man and as a maker of the Labour movement.

Of course it is quite true that "John Bull of Poplar" was sentimental. He often said so himself and, as Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton reminded readers in her article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, he was not a bit embarrassed to talk about love to big audiences in a huge booming voice. But he was also John Bull, with red whiskers when he was young, a great stomach for a fight, and a disconcerting way of calling you brother when he was pointing out how wrong you were. "For all his idealism," writes Mrs. Hamilton, "Lansbury had a measure of practical sagacity and shrewdness."

He had, and he used it, as he used the sum of his other gifts, for others. His was a long life with time in it to play many parts. There was Lansbury the emigrant, unmasking on his return the sham of colonial propaganda ; Lansbury the beloved Poor Law Guardian fighting battles against penal conditions in the workhouses ; Lansbury the friend of suffragettes, a friendship which led to resignation from the House of Commons and imprisonment for refusing to be bound over ; Lansbury the editor of the *Daily Herald*, drawing attention to the condition of the Irish workers and thundering against the treatment of conscientious objectors

in the 1939-1945 war ; Lansbury the champion of the unemployed going to prison again, this time with the whole of the Poplar Borough Council ("What would happen if all borough councils did this ?" asked one judge. "Why, we should get the necessary reforms," explained Lansbury benignly."); Lansbury the First Commissioner of Works with a Lido as a memorial ; Lansbury as leader of the Labour party in the House of Commons ; Lansbury the pacifist ; Lansbury the Christian.

It is a proud record and Mr. Postgate* makes as much of it as his space allows. Perhaps he is rather less charitable to some of his father-in-law's opponents than Lansbury would himself have been but he is in a unique position as a biographer being close to his subject by relationship, literary collaboration and political sympathy without sharing, one feels, all Lansbury's convictions. In consequence there is a detachment which adds considerably to the value of the book, which proves all too short for a life spanning the earliest beginnings of the Labour Party and beyond its first experiences of limited power.

Mr. Postgate tells in his Foreword how it was at first his intention to conclude his biography with "a formal estimate of George Lansbury's place in history." The reasons for not doing so are valid ; it would be difficult for one so close and it is as yet too early. Many others will be mentioning him in their writings of many kinds. But, although more details will be known, it is unlikely that his importance will be diminished—rather the reverse ; nor will the general estimate of his character change.

Lansbury had his political enemies but most of them found it hard not to admire him. In the early days he was too passionate and troublesome a fellow

to arouse feelings of affection outside the East End. Nor was his importance always grasped. Beatrice Webb with whom he served on the Royal Commission on Poor Law refers to him rather slightly, one thinks : " To-day at lunch I put Lansbury (the working-man on the Commission) on his guard against this policy."* But Mrs. Webb, on this occasion as on others, was wholly taken up with the importance of her own activities and it is doubtful if she paused to consider the part Lansbury was playing in the development of the Labour Party. For Lansbury was one of the chief actors in a drama which had as its theme the abandonment by working men of the Liberal Party for an allegiance to a new party of their own.

THE FORTNIGHTLY and its editor have several happy recollections of Lansbury. One is the article " Christ or Chaos " which Lansbury wrote just before his death and another the delightful contributions of Daisy Postgate in 1948 entitled " A Child in George Lansbury's Home ". On May 14, 1940, at St. Mary's Church, Bow, Lansbury's funeral service was held. One felt it to be as he would have wished with a congregation representing every walk of life, or so it seemed, with cheerful singing because George would have liked it that way, with the Bishop of Kensington commanding to God, " George Thy Servant " and the prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson which begins :

Lord, behold our family here assembled.
We thank Thee for the love that unites us ;
for the peace accorded to us this day ; for
the hope with which we expect the morrow ;
for the health, the work, the food, and the
bright skies, that make our lives delightful ;
for our friends in all parts of the earth.
Let peace abound in our small company.
Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge.

Mrs. Hamilton writes in the D.N.B. : " In his own person, and in the wide devotion which he inspired within the Labour movement and beyond it, he represented the truth that the inspiration of British socialism is derived rather from the Bible than from Karl

Marx." Perhaps, and alas, this statement does not now appear as true as it did ; more than one stream has fed British socialism and the Christian one, as Lansbury appreciated, has not been flowing so strongly as it once did. But of him the statement was undoubtedly true ; he was the truest Christian politician who has ever lived.

PIONEERS OF RUSSIAN SOCIAL THOUGHT, by Richard Hare. Oxford University Press. 25s.

The re-writing of the pre-revolutionary past in Russia has gone on uninterruptedly, but with constant and violent shifts of emphasis, during the past two decades. Who, even among the official Marxist historiographers—a labour force with a tremendously high turnover—can tell what the next shift will be ? The whole process represents a principal element in the opportunism of Soviet power and propaganda at the present time. To give the sanction of a continuous and unique Russian tradition to Marxist doctrine, or to whatever is the current Russian-nationalist deformation of Marxist doctrine, there is no choice but systematically to falsify, and to go on falsifying, history. In another generation, as things are working out, it may be literally impossible for anyone to write a true history of ideas in Russia before 1917.

The sub-title of Mr. Hare's book, the first of two projected volumes, is " Studies of non-Marxian formation in nineteenth-century Russia and of its partial revival in the Soviet Union." It is an excellently conceived piece of work, which shows wide reading in the expository literature of the period and careful study of the gymnastic feats of critical exegesis in the Soviet Union in recent years. The reader without Russian will be introduced by Mr. Hare to the personality and writings of a number of figures, perhaps barely known to him until then by name, who were of first-rate consequence in the prolonged nineteenth-century debate between westerners and Slavophils. In making it clear, though possibly not

* *Our Partnership*, by Beatrice Webb. Longmans Green.

clear enough, that the Soviet ideology to-day draws increasingly upon the Slavophil legacy, Mr. Hare disposes firmly of the notion, at one time deliberately encouraged by radical opinion, that Slavophilism and reaction were much the same thing. He brings out very well the missionary sense of Russia's destiny that finally infected Belinsky, the father of the radical intelligentsia, and flowered from Herzen's rejection of the west ; he has an admirably just chapter on the prophetic A. S. Khomyakov—he might have said more, I think, with advantage, about Danilevsky ; and he gives sound enough reasons, especially in the penetrating closing study of Leontiev, why the liberal idea never took root in Russia.

Specially instructive is the contemporary Soviet evaluation of these and other "non-Marxist" literary figures of the past. In so far as they provide a historical backing for the great Russian nationalist idea to-day, they all, conservatives and Utopian socialists alike, lay claim to a place in the Soviet pantheon. Indeed, most of them (Dostoevsky, Leontiev, Rozanov are notable exceptions, of course) have been, at some time or other and in one way or another—and whether in fact their works are still published or not—"precursors" of the Revolution or Marxism or Communism or Soviet humanism.

R. D. CHARQUES

THE SEPHARDIM OF ENGLAND,
by Albert Hyamson. *Methuen.* 35s.

Nearly five hundred years ago Jews were driven from Spain. They had given ministers to Spanish kings, notably to Alfonso el Sabio ; they had left a great monument in Toledo where, as in Seville, so late as the nineteenth century, old tombstones remained to testify to individual virtues. But the Inquisition was at work and the exiles scattered to Africa and Western Asia. In England, whence Jews had long been driven, Oliver Cromwell came to their assistance and in the middle of the seven-

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teenth century their presence was acknowledged. The Spanish and Portuguese Jewish Community established the synagogue in Bevis Marks just 250 years ago and, in honour of the anniversary, Mr. Hyamson has written a notable and comprehensive record.

There are two great Jewish communities, the Sephardim, and the Ashkenazim who followed, but all through the years of the expulsion, a few Jews, known as Marranos, lived here, practising their faith in secret. Many helped England. Dr. Hector Nunez gave Walsingham first news of the sailing of the Armada; Dr. Rodrigo Lopez was Queen Elizabeth's physician. Marrano Jews were in Cromwell's secret service; a copy of their petition is published in this book. A Jewish physician attended King Charles II in his last illness.

The progress of the Sephardim was slow and painful. Though they had good friends in King Charles II and King James II the synagogue was the centre of their activities and its governors "the Gentlemen of the Mahamad", ruled harshly, their control often tyrannical. Communal life was very strictly regulated and there was no liberty. "They deliberately kept themselves completely shut up in a self-imposed Ghetto, physically and intellectually," says Mr. Hyamson, "never leaving except for the solitary purpose of commerce; by sheer weight of intelligence they won recognition."

One Sephardi, Joseph d'Almeida, supported Mozart in London, another introduced the 'cello into England. A Jewess became wife of Sir Edward Walpole, son of Sir Robert; their daughter married the Duke of Gloucester brother of King George III. A Jewish financier, Sampson Gideon, financed the British Government in 1745 when the 'Young Pretender' had reached Derbyshire; he and colleagues found nearly £2,000,000 for the Government. It is said that the Jewish Naturalization Bill of 1753 was an acknowledgment of Gideon's services.

The discipline of the Mahamad drove many distinguished families from the

Community. The Bernals were one. Ralph, a seceder, became Chairman of Committees in the Commons. His son, Ralph, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, married a daughter of Sir Thomas Osborne and added Osborne to his surname; he was the noted wit of the House and grandfather of the Duke of St. Albans. Lord Justice Lopes and Viscount Bledisloe had Sephardi Jews among their ancestry. David Ricardo, the economist, was of the Community. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was only able to enter Parliament because his father had left the synagogue. Baptised in his thirteenth year he became a Member in 1827. As a Jew he could not have been admitted before 1858.

Looking carefully at the list of those who would not suffer the Mahamad, one might conclude that all the governors of the synagogue were arbitrary and tyrannical. This would be a short-sighted view. Walter Pater, writing of another faith, says: "Superficially at least, the religion was in possession of a vast and complex system of usage, intertwining itself with every detail of public and private life, attractively enough for those who had the historic temper and a taste for the past." So it has been with Judaism. Its leaders had an intense passion for their faith and were steadfast in determination to maintain it in what they regarded as an essential integrity. They alone held the congregation together through the early years of extreme need.

S. L. BENSUSAN

ROGER KEYES, by Cecil Aspinwall-Oglander. *The Hogarth Press.* 26s.
MAIN FLEET TO SINGAPORE, by Russell Grenfell. *Faber & Faber.* 18s.

Roger Keyes did not take kindly to office work, but kept up a voluminous correspondence of which one of his most intimate friends has taken full advantage and produced a most interesting biography, with peeps into the inner history of many events.

The story of his exploits in China

when in command of the destroyer *Fame* reads like an extract from Mr. Forester's legendary hero Hornblower ; the capture of Hsi Ching fort by himself and 32 sailors, a feat which the German and Russian generals had declared they would not attempt even with seven gun-vessels and 400 men ; or leaving his ship without his commander-in-chief's permission, to join in the expedition for the relief of the Pekin Legations. Most outrageous of all, when on his return he found himself relieved of his command, boarding the commander-in-chief to tell him he had been badly treated. Luckily the C. in C. was a kindly man with a sense of humour.

Keyes was quick to recognize the merits of new developments. One of the earliest destroyer officers, he realized that destroyers, contrary to the opinion of some senior officers, were not merely fine weather craft and he demonstrated their qualities as sea boats in a heavy gale. The young submarine service made rapid progress under his command

and, after the extinction of the Royal Naval Air Service at the end of the 1914-1918 war, he fought hard for the navy to regain its own air arm, and finally succeeded.

It was unlucky that his rapid promotion brought him to the top of the tree at an exceptionally early age, at a time when the services were being "cut to the bone". The government of the day would not have him as first sea lord, the appointment to which he would in the ordinary course have succeeded. This was a bitter disappointment to him.

During the 1939-1945 war younger men were rightly employed in the important naval commands, and he suffered from frustration. When in command of the Dover Patrol in the first war he had been brought into close touch with the King and Queen of Belgium and their family, and he was appointed liaison officer to the young King during Belgium's struggle in the last war. It was a great joy to him later on to see the opening of the great naval

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campaign in the Pacific as a guest of the United States Navy. Keyes was essentially a fighter, whether leading the assault on Zeebrugge or struggling for the retention of the naval air arm. Perhaps fearlessness was the outstanding quality of his very lovable character.

Captain Russell Grenfell, R.N., opens with a brief sketch of the rise of the Japanese Empire. Britain's early reverses in the last war deciding Japan to throw in her lot with Germany, he follows the British operations in the Far East as far as the first serious defeat of the Japanese fleet by the United States at the battle of Midway.

He is a severe critic of the conduct of the British operations and stresses the following points :

- (1) The failure to carry out our undertaking to Australia and New Zealand to base a major fleet in the Far East.
- (2) Creating a major naval base at Singapore instead of at Sydney as recommended by Lord Jellicoe, and providing no adequate defences for it.
- (3) In 1941 sending what troops, tanks, aircraft and supplies were available to Greece and Russia in preference to our own possessions in the East.

In the first two cases the fault lies with the British Governments in power between the wars for their disarmament policy. Fortunately for Britain after the fall of Singapore the Japanese thrust out into the Pacific instead of the Indian Ocean, and the United States was able to stem the tide of conquest and save Australia.

ROBERT N. BAX

ARABIAN ADVENTURE, by Stanton Hope. *Robert Hale*. 16s.

CAUCASIAN JOURNEY, by Negley Farson. *Evans*. 12s. 6d.

THE PHOENIX IN THE DESERT, by Dunstan Thompson. *Lehmann*. 21s.

Books have been written by various foreign observers of the British people in order to explain to the world that the British are almost entirely a race of eccentrics. The rest of the world, their readers are told, can see for themselves

by gazing at those Britons who have 'gone native'. And in two of these books we have examples thereof.

Mr. Stanton Hope has twice visited Iraq to obtain the life story of Haji Williamson who was born in Bristol in 1872 where he did not see eye to eye with a very Victorian father. Let us be thankful that this was so, for otherwise William Richard Williamson might never have run away to become a sailor, a camel-dealer, a gun-runner, pearler, secret agent and Haji, a Moslem who has thrice made the pilgrimage to Mecca and is so meticulous a Moslem that he has had four (simultaneous) wives. Before that came to pass he had enjoyed in various parts of the world a life of thrilling moments, one of which occurred when, as a prisoner of the Spaniards who then owned the Philippines, he escaped to the house of a benevolent American consul by whom he was smuggled in disguise on to a ship. One of the prison punishments consisted in being drowned in a tank unless he could manage, with enormous effort, to pump hard enough against the flood of water. By the way, this American consul, so much more helpful than his British colleague, became after many years, like our author, a Moslem.

Mr. Farson's eccentric, with whom he travelled in the Caucasus, was a certain Alexander Wicksteed who for years had been living a strange life in Red Moscow. Dressed rather like a boy-scout this venerable gentleman proposed to walk through the whole Caucasian range. He would not change place with Mr. Farson on his horse. "There were times," we are told, "when he could have murdered him for his obstinacy and times when he made me almost weep—that old man squelching along, staff in hand, water shooting from his grey beard as from an gargoyle—and proud of his absolute wretchedness." This account of travel in a country where Pliny says the Romans conducted their affairs through 134 interpreters should be read by all those who wish to learn more about the

Caucasus as they used to be—the home of absolutely free men, before one of them, Mr. Stalin, a native of Tiflis, their chief town, took the matter in hand. "I knew I was going to lose Wicker," says Mr. Farson, "the minute we went out to pick wild strawberries. . . . The villagers had welcomed him as if he was the greatest man they had ever met (which he probably was) and he settled down to enjoy the distinction."

Mr. Thompson, the author of our third book, is an American poet ; he also tells us of an eccentric, but in this case the eccentric is himself. "I should know my compatriots well enough," he says, "to appreciate that even on an ice-floe they would start to talk to the polar bears." He is good enough to talk to us on a great variety of topics, such as consideration of the kind of meals served on international air-lines and the difficulties of spies who have to travel with dogs ; then he discusses the serious matters of politics, art and religion, while in Jerusalem he describes the movie theatres made of paper and tin and the antiseptic cafés where, he assures us, the waitresses are boiled before serving. He would heartily approve of Haji Williamson, for he says that the British have an affinity with the Arabs, the puritanism of the Briton responding to the asceticism of the Arab. Mohammedanism, he believes, seems remarkably like public-school Christianity.

HENRY BAERLEIN

THE POETRY OF EZRA POUND, by Hugh Kenner. *Faber & Faber.* 25s.

The time has not yet come to assess the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, not just because they are not finished, but also because they are not, so to speak, open to the public. It is, therefore, with the admirable intention of opening them up, of removing some of the obstacles in the way of approach, that Hugh Kenner has written his study, which, however, is hardly, as the blurb says it is, "the book for which we have been waiting." This is partly because Mr. Kenner addresses himself to too

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small and too specialized an audience. "The criticism stemming from Empsonian dissection of symbol-clusters has made everyone familiar with intellectual complexity . . .", he says, with a lack of social awareness comparable to that of Marie Antoinette's remark about cake. Yet, for every reader who is familiar with *The Seven Types of Ambiguity*, there must be ten who would turn to the *Cantos* if they could find a guide.

Again, Mr. Kenner pours scorn on those critics whose chief concern has been to annotate, to hunt for sources and allusions. Now it is true that this sort of crossword-puzzling need not bring much reward, yet, at the same time, consciousness of ignorance may become something of an obsession with the reader, interfering with his powers of enjoyment. Pound himself knows this :

(Canto XX)

And he said : Now is there anything I can tell you ?"

And I said : I dunno, sir, or

" Yes, Doctor, what do they mean by noigandres ? "

And he said : Noigandres ! NOlgandres !

" You know for seek mon's of my life
Effery night when I go to bett, I say to myself:
Noigandres, eh, noigandres,
Now what the DEFFIL can that mean !"

Mr. Kenner is impatient with those who ask for a 'key' to the *Cantos*, and, admittedly, to take a parallel, the mere study of Jessie Weston or Stuart Gilbert is not enough to give a real understanding of *The Waste Land* or *Ulysses*. But it does avoid the exasperation of "what the DEFFIL can that mean ?" For the main difficulties presented by the *Cantos* are not those of technique, as Mr. Kenner seems to think, but of strangeness of subject matter. The English reader, however sensitive he may be to tone and rhythm, cannot help but suspect that he is missing something, when, for page after page, he reads of politicians whose names he has seen before only on American postage stamps. Yet, given even a little enlightenment, I think he might appreciate the *Cantos* not only as superb orchestration, but also as the nearest thing in our age to an heroic

poem. Mr. Kenner's book is excellent on the general technique of Ezra Pound's verse, on its relation to the Chinese ideograph, and on the elucidation of selected passages. My complaint, largely, is that it is really a second volume, to which the author, in spite of his equipment, has obstinately refused to write a first.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

COLLECTED STORIES OF
WILLIAM FAULKNER. Chatto &
Windus. 25s.

Mr. William Faulkner, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature 1949, is not a Europeanized writer as were Poe and Henry James, nor a *déraciné* one—as, for example, naïf, rumbustious Henry Miller. His roots are deep in the soil of America ; the America of the "deep south" where, incidentally, he is a prophet surprisingly little honoured. The world of his tales is largely that of poor whites and Negroes or of jaded, clueless warriors in faded Confederate grey or the muddied khaki of the 1914-1918 war. His war stories owe something to the Gertrude Stein-Hemingway myth of a "lost generation" but have in them much of the integrity, as well as the bitterness, of the war poetry of Sassoon and Wilfred Owen. In some tales he makes effectively ironic use of the innocent eye ; a child narrating action without suspecting what is really going on. He writes little of millionaires or film stars but in a bleak *conte* about the unhappy rich—who are miserable in luxurious discomfort—he challenges comparison with Scott Fitzgerald.

Mr. Faulkner can write graphically, even lyrically, but he is not unguilty of the purple passage, typical of young writing and of American writing, that, however stimulating, is artistically inadmissible because its very impact slows the pace of the story. At times one is reminded of the telling but somewhat self-conscious use of the pungent, even poetic phrase and of the contrived imagery one encounters in the detective stories of Mr. Raymond

Chandler. William Faulkner is not devoid of humour but it is not his long suit and one story in this volume, told in a vein of heavy facetiousness, is perhaps his only complete failure. He can be sentimental, but not very often ; his use of symbolism—as in the tale of poor, earth-bound "Uncle Willy"—is unforced and creative, not just interpolated because it is thought still to be the smart thing.

Literary reputations, especially transatlantic ones, are notoriously inflated but to judge from this impressive collection of over forty stories the Nobel award has not been ill-bestowed. Whereas Ernest Hemingway, who enjoys comparable prestige, may be described as the Greenwich Village Dashiell Hammett, Mr. Faulkner in some respects is a major John Steinbeck. His preoccupation with primitive emotion (it is scarcely thought), whether peasant or Negro, is nearer, even, to the fatalism of Thomas Hardy than to the de-personalized externalism of Ernest

Hemingway. Most of his characters are intellectually simple, emotionally volcanic, elemental. We are not too surprised when, even in the New World, Pan himself peers slyly from the brake. The tales have sadness, pathos, and though their "message", deemed nowadays so indispensable, may sometimes prove elusive, in the finest of them there is a tragic, if pagan, melancholy. One reviewer attributes to them "Elizabethan richness" but, despite great variety of theme, they have little of Shakespearian zest, even less of the rhetoric, the splendid rodomontade, of Marlowe. The only comparison would be with Webster. There is in William Faulkner something of his macabre quality and inklings as in *The Duchess of Malfi* of the loneliness of the soul.

LUKE PARSONS

Within Four Walls, published by Fortune Press (10s. 6d.) and reviewed by Norman Nicholson in the last issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, is a collection of poems by Wilfrid Gibson.

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"This composite volume . . . sets forth many of the forms of splendour and horror with which the mind and imagination of man have clothed this dark mystery. It surveys with much learning the conceptions, metaphysical and theological, of the Devil in . . . art and literature. It describes, too, in detail, various cases of possession and diabolism, and is finely illustrated."

Manchester Guardian

The Cliff's Edge : Songs of a Psychotic

By Eithne Tabor

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There are two ways of writing about any profound human experience—the outside and the inside. The inside of mental illness is here described by a girl of eighteen whose poems touch every depth of suffering except the depth of imagining that her solitude is abandoned by God.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Good for science students who realize that science is not enough, and good for Cambridge that it encourages this unwonted humility.

Defining culture

To the requests, surely wistful, that lectures on English literature should be organized for the "special needs" of the science undergraduates who asked for them, T. R. Henn, appropriately enough the University Lecturer in English, undertook the course as an experiment in the long vacation term of 1947. "The response to them," he says, "was a little overwhelming"—a peculiar utterance from an exponent of Eng. Lit. but obviously due to the confusion of a modest man confronted by the amazing success of what has become an annual event. Clearer testimony comes from the Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, Professor Sir Lawrence Bragg himself, who plainly delights to state in his Foreword that, as a result, "one of the scientific faculties plans similar courses through the academic year." If further vindication were necessary it could be officially supplied now, in recording the pleasure that reading the collected lectures has given. The book's title *THE APPLE AND THE SPECTROSCOPE* (*Methuen*. 12s. 6d.) has been most felicitously culled from a passage that recalls the bantering echo of Sir Laurence Olivier's voice in *Venus Observed* by Christopher Fry. Some of the gold and silver apples considered, compared or contrasted are found in Donne and the anonymous Scottish ballad-maker, in Marvell and Wordsworth, in Blake and T. S. Eliot, in Yeats, in Shakespeare and in *Ecclesiastes XI* and *Matthew VI*. Such a survey gives the lie direct to the forced policy of specializing, of doling out to "the senior science forms in a school . . . their smattering of 'English' . . . sprayed with a dilute

culture, one eye on the examination results"—and it points a way for those inside, and out, to scale the rising walls of the laboratory.

Return to favour

One of Mr. Henn's most tingling chapters is "Satire : and the Way of the Romantic", in which he sets Pope and Walter de la Mare in their respective spheres, of savagery in rhymed couplet and of wonder in a twilight world. If the emotion of awe is necessary to spiritual and poetic growth, Walter de la Mare is sure of his place in English literature. Of the man whose spirit was described by Swinburne as "fiery bright and dauntless", who was 12 years old when the turbulent seventeenth century ended—an inheritance that had to be harnessed to the eighteenth's passion for craftsmanship and polish—estimates have seesawed. There are signs that equilibrium is about to be reached and Bonamy Dobréé's biographical and critical study *ALEXANDER POPE* (*Sylvan Press*. 12s. 6d.) should help to maintain it. All who have hitherto been repelled by the formalism of the heroic couplet—quite apart from its wounding wit, its waspish fury—and by the whitewash splashed over the publication of Pope's letters, will probably be surprised to find themselves left with something like affection and admiration for the man, the philosopher and the poet as they put down this book.

Where they lived

And those who have been repelled by the prejudices of Mr. A. L. Rowse will have no cause for complaint in his "evocations of persons and places" entitled *THE ENGLISH PAST* (*Macmillan*. 15s.). His is pleasant company in which to roam the Milton country around Oxford, to visit Swift at Letcombe, Hardy at Max Gate, John Buchan at Elsfield, D. H. Lawrence at

Eastwood ; to learn what kind of a man was William Denton, physician-in-ordinary to Charles I, or what sort of a family were the Hobys who lived at Bisham beside the Thames. Then, to one whose ground-landlords are the Warden and Fellows of All Souls, comes a titillating unravelment of the mysteries of a college which is among " those characteristic English institutions that are so hard to explain to the stranger." But, most of all, the author arouses afresh the keen regret of one who has never seen Haworth Parsonage. It is not just that Mr. Rowse's enthusiasm is infectious ; he has exactly the right touch of reverence too, in recalling to you a house that, as in a dream, you could find your way over and would know at once if you came across it unexpectedly. Awkward as is the journey to a Londoner making a special pilgrimage, it must and shall be accomplished, for Emily and Charlotte and Anne and their brother Branwell are "at Haworth for ever . . . they inhabit it still" and, since the reading of this essay, they beckon ever more urgently.

The Bible in Spain

So recently have Valladolid, Burgos, Toledo and a dozen other Spanish towns beckoned successfully, that Eileen Bigland's own journey IN THE STEPS OF GEORGE BORROW (*Rich & Cowan. 15s.*) rings bells that are still too loud and clear to be called evocatory. If her designation of Salamanca as "that dreariest of cities" seems extraordinary to one who indeed saw its spires and towers rising "like a desert mirage" and found in its streets no more than its due share of "the sorrows of Spain", her landscape was the same, and the one that Borrow knew as he went about his job "of promoting the circulation of the Holy Scriptures" :

The endless plains where men and women toiled over the sparse crops, the stony defiles, the occasional gaunt pine standing sentinel, the faint jagged line of sierras on the horizon . . . chestnut-coloured dust.

Miss Bigland followed him in England, Wales and Ireland too, and knows the places he visited in Russia. More important still, she understands his temperament and is not deterred by his temper, his vanity, his mingling of fact and fiction that in the stay-at-home, non-literary person is called lying. In short, she has made a penetrating study, without psychological trimmings and sidetracks, of the traveller, the philologist, the Romany lover and the "militant churchman".

God and neighbour

No more conventional as a missionary was FLORENCE ALLSHORN, whose story is told in part by herself in J. H. Oldham's account of her and of St. Julian's Community which she founded (*S.C.M. Press. 12s. 6d.*). She enjoyed overcoming obstacles, slogged away in Uganda running a school, spent 12 years as the warden of a training college at home, and had a most beguiling way of getting people to help at the point of great self-sacrifice to themselves. Yet, that she was totally unlike the stock portrait of a strident bore of a mission worker is verified not only by the lovely face that gives the frontispiece of the book a recurrent attraction, but by her love of elegance, her gaiety, her freedom from iconoclastic urges, her constructive goodness and her uncomplicated love of God. When Florence Allshorn died in 1950 Miss Athene Seyler said (and I have already quoted elsewhere these words of that most perceptive of actresses) : "She gave the impression of toughness and delicacy, like silver wire. I believe, of course, that I am trying to describe saintliness."

The greatest of these

The previous year there died another candidate for sainthood, MARION FOX QUAKER, a selection of whose letters edited by Hubert Fox (*Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.*) illustrates what a shy member of the Society of Friends could achieve as the consequence of her determination

to leave a quiet, comfortable home. Already middle-aged, in 1919 she was one of the first civilians to re-enter Germany, and there she worked adventurously and calmly at rehabilitation. As an old woman she was still giving all her time and thought to the cause of peace, and as late as 1938 was visiting Germany where (a friend reported) in answering two teachers "trying to get political information" she showed something of her quality: "You know, it is the cricket season just now in England and people's minds are fully occupied with it." And when she was 86 she wrote of a nonagenarian friend: "I hope she finds it is happy to get older." Only man's inhumanity to man could ever ruffle a Marion Fox.

The making of a novelist

"Simply keeping calm" was also Dostoievsky's system—for playing roulette—which proved to be anything but infallible. His advice on "the right way to set about his biography" was much more sound: "The external ought to balance the internal. Otherwise, in the absence of external impressions the internal acquires too dangerous a supremacy." The two are unobtrusively combined in *DOSTOIEVSKY* by C. M. Woodhouse (*Arthur Barker*. 8s. 6d.) to make a perfect fit. As an introduction to the spiritual pilgrimage and the public events in the life of this "intensely autobiographical" novelist, the book is cordially commended. Mr. Woodhouse smoothes and untangles and clarifies for the persevering (and perspiring) reader of the novels. As for the desultory dippers, they should take heart from the author's own experience that first impressions were "chaotic and disappointing".

Gratitude to Mrs. Garnett for her admirable translations should not deter a lover of *Crime and Punishment* from trying David Magarshack's version (*Penguin Classics*. 5s.), while the newcomer will be glad to have the tome—there are 560 packed pages—for so

cheap a price. Neglect of Dostoievsky's universal genius as a storyteller is not merely undeserved, it borders on the shameful.

The light of other days

And talking of storytellers, here are a couple who can—and do—keep one listening for hours. William Stone, now 94 years old, has recalled his crowding memories "in conversation with Henry Baerlein", as the subtitle of *THE SQUIRE OF PICCADILLY* (*Jarrold*. 15s.) puts it. Those who know at first-hand Mr. Baerlein's powers as a raconteur will want immediately to eavesdrop, for in Mr. Stone he has met his match. The first is of course and rightly the passive partner, but good talk (and one suspects Wilde's magical performances more properly ought to have been called monologues) needs sympathetic drawing out, a judicious and discreet editing as it were, and this Mr. Stone has in unfailing support. His own recipe is "to let one subject lead to another, going forward or backwards or sideways, as the thoughts occur" and, as he has never kept a diary, the book is saved from what he calls the dullness of the beautiful order of so many pages for every year. Thus he tells of times before perambulators were invented, when his nurse threatened him with Boney, her father having fought at Waterloo; of Clifton and Cambridge; of his lectureship in botany; of his wealthy bachelor-about-town existence—first nights, sporting events, clubland, leading ladies; of contacts with the famous and the notorious everywhere; of political activities; of his travels and adventures all over the world. Living in Albany, he has seen a London that has vanished for ever. Still living there, he says he wouldn't alter life if he had it again: "We never knew how well off we were in the eighties." But we of the twentieth century can give a guess.

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